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REVIEWS

Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, descriptive of the Zoolus, their Manners, Customs, &c., with a Sketch of Natal. By Nathaniel Isaacs. 2 vols. Churton.

We confess that the announcement of these volumes raised in our minds expectations which have been grievously disappointed. Little is known, thought we, of Eastern Africa, and in the voluminous Parliamentary Report lately published on the Commerce of Great Britain, no notice whatever is taken of that coast, although it far exceeds the western side of the African continent in civilization and commercial resources. The traveller, therefore, in Eastern Africa has the advantage of a novel subject; nay, of an interesting one also, if he can but discover some remains of that curious mixture of Arab state, African simplicity, and Hindoo wealth, pliancy, and perseverance, which the Portuguese found there in the sixteenth century. Such were the reflections which crossed our minds, when we first read the title of the volumes now before us; but lo! those 'Travels in Eastern Africa' turn out to be nothing more than the trudging excursions of an adventurer at Port Natal—a narrow field surveyed with narrow intelligence—abounding only in adventures of a trivial or vulgar description, and relating the exploits of heroes who were wholly employed in palavering with savages, or quarrelling with one another; in shooting Hippopotami or natives, and in imitating at an humble distance the example of Chaka, the autocrat of the Amazûla, who zealously sought to murder all the sorcerers in his dominions.

We have so recently expressed our opinion on the affairs of Natal, and the character of the native tribes in its vicinity,† that we should not now be tempted to recur to that subject, if it were not for the pertinacity of those who urge the planting of a colony at Port Natal; and furthermore, because the volumes of Mr. Isaacs, while they confute himself, furnish, unwittingly, the completest proofs of the truth of all that we have alleged respecting the worthlessness of Port Natal as a commercial or a naval station, the difficulty of defending it, and the doubtful character of those who resort to it. But let us proceed at once to the scenes in question, and make the acquaintance of some of the wild hunters.

Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, it appears, was shipped for St. Helena in 1822, at the early age of fourteen, consigned to the care of his uncle Mr. Solomons. After a residence of two years in that island, being sated with the labours of a counting-house, he embarked with Lieut. King in a small vessel destined for an adventure to the eastern coast of Africa. On the 1st of October 1825, they made Port Natal, and the whale boat was sent to sound the bar, but the surf broke so violently across the mouth of the harbour, usually described as a good one, that the boat escaped from it with difficulty. At the same time the wind blew fresh from the S.E., (as it does on that coast for eight months in the year,) and the vessel drifted towards the shore. Our author thus describes their situation:—

"We had only one course to pursue, and that was promptly determined on by our commander. He immediately assembled his officers and crew, consulted with them, and pointed out the danger we had

to encounter. They unanimously gave their opinion that there was water enough to carry our vessel over the Bar, if she were lightened. She had, previously to this, been prepared for the worst, every article that could be dispensed with in our exigencies having been thrown overboard, not excepting the water. The crew were unanimous for making the port. Our commander, with great coolness and intrepidity, for which he was remarkable, gave the command to put the vessel about. Every man promptly obeyed, and took his station with alacrity. Our little bark soon faced the Bar, which had an awful and even terrific aspect. The surf beat over it with a prodigiously overwhelming force; the foaming of the sea gave it an appearance that would have unnerved any but an experienced seaman; the wind whistling through the rigging, seemed as the knell of our approaching destruction. * * * We began rapidly to approach the rocks, and every moment was one of immediate peril. I never contemplated witnessing such a scene. On one side, a beautiful and picturesque country presented itself, on the other, the agitated sea bubbling like a cauldron overspread with sparkling foam, from the dashing of its billows on the rugged rocks. It was a scene for the pencil of the painter and the pen of the poet. The ship rolled frightfully; our commander, with an unflinching voice, 'ever and anon' gave the words, 'steady,' 'hard a port,' 'star-board,' 'meet her, meet her,' 'keep her steady,' then by way of encouragement to his men he would occasionally cry 'all's right, my lads;' but a terrific sea came foaming and rushing on our quarter with irresistible force; the vessel gave a heavy lurch, and sank into the hollow of the sea, then rose again buoyantly on the foaming wave,—the sailors vociferating, 'she is going,' 'she is going!'—and struck on the bank eastward of the Bar. Lieutenant King, commanding silence and cheering the men, ordered all sail to be set. His voice was heard above the storm — 'press her over, my hearties,' 'now she goes,' 'all's right;' but at this moment another sea struck her, and brought her broadside to the waves, when all efforts to save her became ineffectual."

The crew escaped in the boats, and the ship went to pieces. Here, then, we have Mr. Isaacs shipwrecked at the age of seventeen, and thrown into the midst of a band of roving adventurers. The following is a sketch of one of the most respectable of these.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Fynn arrived from the country of the Amampootoes, (Amaponda), a tribe inhabiting the banks of the St. John's River, a distance of about 200 miles from Natal. This gentleman had been trading with the natives, and had collected a great quantity of ivory. For eight months he had separated himself from his solitary companion, Mr. Farewell, and had associated solely with the people with whom he sojourned. We sat attentively to hear him detail his adventures—the many vicissitudes he had endured, and the obstacles with which he had contended, not only in having been often without food, and ignorant where to seek it, but in daily terror of being destroyed by wild animals, or massacred by the savage natives. He had from necessity assumed the costume of the latter while with them, but resumed his own on his return to his habitation. It is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular appearance of this individual when he first presented himself. Mr. Fynn is in stature somewhat tall, with a prepossessing countenance. From necessity his face was disfigured with hair, not having had an opportunity of shaving himself for a considerable time. His head was partly covered with a crownless straw hat, and a tattered blanket, fastened round his neck by means of stripes of hide, served to cover his body, while his hands performed the office of keeping it round his 'nether man;' his shoes he had discarded for some months, whilst every other habiliment had imperceptibly

worn away, so 'that there was nothing of a piece about him.'"

As to "the daily terror of being massacred by the natives," the traders in South Africa have no such feeling; on the contrary, their confidence in the respect manifested towards them by the natives, amounts to temerity; and if they ever want food, they ought to attribute the privation to the careless mode of life which they have thought fit to adopt.

Lieut. King paid a visit to Chaka, and was well received by him; our author consequently conceived a wish to pay his court to that formidable chief, and a commission to collect ivory enabled him to gratify his curiosity. In Chaka's village he met a Portuguese, from Delagoa Bay, engaged, like himself, in mercantile speculations. Nothing of interest occurred there; but our young traveller halting one night, on his return to Port Natal, at the hut of a chief called Magie, picked up a curious bit of information:—

"Having heard that Magie possessed a unicorn, or, as the natives described it to me, 'In yar mogoss impontemoonya,' 'An animal with one horn,' I had a great desire to see it. From my imperfect knowledge of the language, and not wishing Holstead to hear of it, lest he should purchase it, I misunderstood the nature of the animal; but being unusually eager to obtain so great a natural curiosity, I set out early to another of Magie's kraals, to see the chief; here I met him and communicated to him the object of my journey. He confirmed what I had heard, and by singular gesticulations and attempts at description, he led me to comprehend that it was about three feet high, and; from his taking my hair and pointing to it, I understood that it had a flowing mane, he at the same time exclaiming, 'mooshy gercoola,' which I knew meant 'very handsome'—[it means 'with large eyes']. The more he particularized this animal, the more my anxiety to possess it increased, conceiving that I might attain some celebrity among naturalists, if I should be enabled to produce the wonderful creature known only, like the mermaid, to have existed in fable. To be the owner of the 'In yar mogoss,' was an advantage not to be lost, and I evinced an eager desire to see it; the chief however told me it was at another kraal, some distance in the interior, but that he would order it to be brought up for me to see it some other time."

When he arrived at Natal, his friends congratulated him on his arrangements respecting the Unicorn; and another mission to Chaka, soon after, gave him an opportunity of actually obtaining that worthy object of his search.

"As we retraced our steps, nothing worth recording occurred, except that a messenger came to announce the unicorn had arrived. I went unhesitatingly to see it, when lo! this wonderful production of nature, from which I was to derive fame and renown, turned out to be a he goat with the loss of one of its horns!"

Chaka, it appears, conquered all the surrounding tribes, not by the chance of war, or lucky combinations of circumstances, but by introducing organization and strict discipline into his army. His troops were divided into regiments, distinguished by the colour of their shields; they were armed with heavy lances for close combat, and were strictly enjoined to charge with the lance, and not to throw it. Our author saw twenty-nine of these regiments, amounting, he supposed, to 30,000 men, reviewed together, and admired their martial appearance. Chaka sagaciously observed, that his troops would have no chance with Europeans, unless they closed

* N'yama-kazi empoude munya.

† See Athenæum, Nos. 444, 445.

with the latter immediately on the first discharge of the fire-arms. There is no doubt that the Amazúla have courage enough to perform such an evolution. In 1832 a large party of Griquas, well armed and mounted, were cut to pieces in this manner by the people of Mtsilekatsi. Respecting the character of that extraordinary man, Chaka, there is but little trustworthy to be derived from our author's pages. Unfortunately for that chief's fame, the task of writing his history has devolved on the adventurers at Port Natal, who seek to free themselves from the imputation of abusing their influence over him, by representing him as a monster of iniquity. He sent an embassy to King George,—that is, to the government at the Cape, accompanied by Lieut. King and our author, who laid aside the native costume, and wore a pair of trousers on the occasion. The failure of this mission, which never proceeded further than Algoa Bay, is discussed at some length by Mr. Isaacs; but the real merits of the case are already before the public, in the despatches of Major-Gen. Bourke, (at that time acting governor at the Cape,) printed last year by order of the House of Commons.* It appears that Chaka had made up his mind to attack the tribes on the eastern frontier of the Cape settlement, and was led to believe, by his white advisers, that the English would assist him in the extirpation of those tribes. When Lieut. King, however, on his arrival in Algoa Bay with the Zúla ambassadors, found that his plans of an offensive alliance between Chaka and the British were not favourably regarded, he successfully used his influence with the chiefs under his care to prevent their proceeding to Cape Town. In the meantime, an army of the Amazúla approached the frontier of the Cape colony, accompanied by some of the Natal hunters, but retreated on finding that the British would resist them. Their march was, of course, marked by slaughter and desolation, and they carried off 10,000 head of cattle from the Amapondas, a peaceable, unoffending tribe. Such were the fruits of Natal politics. Lieut. King died soon afterwards, his malady being apparently exasperated by chagrin; nor was he long survived by Chaka, who fell the victim of a domestic conspiracy.

Some severe charges were made by the Rev. Mr. Kay, the author of 'Researches in Caffraria,' to which Mr. Isaacs replies with much indignation, but not, we grieve to say, with success. The degraded lives of the white settlers at Natal could not in every instance be excused by shipwreck. Then, it is certain, that they sometimes flattered the slaughterous propensities of Chaka, and did his work of butchery. Mr. Isaacs will probably say that they were compelled to do so by fear of death. We deny that they ever had such a fear; their sense of the unbounded indulgence extended to them by the black chiefs, is manifest in every page of Mr. Isaacs' volumes. Two Hottentots committed a crime in a Zúla village, which, in this country, would be inevitably punished with death. Immediately afterwards, Lieutenant King and our author visiting Chaka, were coolly received by him, "which was an unusual thing"; he threatened to kill all the whites at Natal, and then send to the Cape to tell the reason of his doing so. Then says our author:—

"Our situation was now somewhat critical; the stubborn Hottentots, in direct opposition to our instructions, had arrived at Toogoso, but, fortunately for us all, they did not enter into the king's presence, as he was much enraged, and frequently said to the chiefs that were sitting around him, 'Would you not kill them if I told you?' It was in vain to attempt to appease him, and Lieut. King, from not knowing the language, and not being so well acquainted with

Chaka as myself, felt a little alarmed for our personal security.

"I was not so much alarmed, thinking that his rage, as on other occasions, was only assumed."

This alarm having cleared off, the chief proposed to his guests to shoot certain of his enemies, a peaceable people, who inhabited some rocky heights beyond the reach of the Zúla javelins. Our author accepted the invitation, returned to Natal to equip himself for a campaign, and then proceeded with a small party to shoot the mountaineers. In this he succeeded, but received, on the occasion, a wound in the back. The commentary of Mr. Isaacs, on a transaction to which he was not a party, applies admirably to this, of which he was the conductor.

"But to whom is such an act of unexampled barbarity to be attributed, but to the insatiable monster who ordered the attack, and on him ought the vengeance of Heaven to fall for such a foul, such a black and inhuman deed. Had his agents refused, they would have forfeited their own lives for their unwillingness. But this is no palliation, and though they may be thought not equal to the savage monarch, yet they cannot escape the imputation of having been willing instruments."

These volumes abound with illustrations of the mischiefs produced among the weak and ignorant Africans, by the presence of such men as the white hunters and traders at Natal, who evidently rule their black subjects with a rod of iron. Mr. Isaacs, indeed, says that the former teach the latter religion. But we observe that he discreetly avoids using the word Christianity; and though we feel no disrespect for those abstract notions of religion, which are equally suitable for Jew or Gentile, yet we can hardly believe that they were, or could be, inculcated at Port Natal. There is one anecdote, however, of our author's, which shows in a very strong light the weakness of human nature. The legislators of Natal resolved, it seems, to punish with the greatest rigour the crimes of sorcery and witchcraft. They had caught the feeling of their chief, Chaka, who used to complain that "he was melancholy; he was like a wolf, who had not a quiet spot to lay his head; his people bewitched him." The senators, white and black, at Natal, contrived to expose the impostures of a witch-finder; but what was the result? they allowed that dangerous character to go unpunished, and soon after convicted two persons of sorcery, and put them to death. A man beating his wife, was called by her a "togátý," or wizard; it was also known that he kept a wild cat. On these charges he was tried.

"The prisoner sat quite unconcerned, taking prodigious quantities of snuff, and forcing a smile when called upon to state what he had to offer in his defence. His reply was short.—'I deny the whole.' But his manner and appearance betrayed his guilt. A great deal was afterwards elicited about the cat, which is too frivolous to detail. * *

"The senators having paid great attention to the testimony of the witnesses, retired to deliberate on their verdict, and on returning declared it to be their opinion that Mattantary was guilty of having kept a cat, or imparker; and likewise of having used poisonous roots to intimidate and affect the people. They then passed their sentence of death, and that he should be forthwith executed. The people appointed to be his executioners were directed to take him from William's kraal, to pass Mount Pleasant to the flat, and there execute him in the customary manner. This was done in the presence of his two wives. The young one could not smother her grief, but the elder seemed indifferent to the scene, and evinced no emotions either of sorrow or apprehension. The senate now began to question her, when she, without hesitation, requesting they would kill her, some were for complying with her wishes, others for having her put to the torture until she confessed. After a short debate they came to the determination that she should die. She was immediately taken away and executed. * *

"The investigation of this business, which I have detailed at some length, finally tended to remove a good deal of the superstition of my natives, and to impress them very strongly with the absurdity of their notions of charms and witchcraft."

This anecdote curiously exemplifies the progress of civilization at Natal.

We shall now dismiss these volumes, with a remark or two applicable to the scheme of establishing a colony at Port Natal. Mr. Isaacs thrice entered that port: the first time he was shipwrecked on the bar in ordinary weather; on the second occasion he narrowly escaped a repetition of that misfortune; and on the third, the boat which went to sound the bar was upset in the surf, and one life was lost. Yet Mr. Isaacs persists in calling Port Natal a good harbour. Again, Chaka granted a large territory at Natal to Mr. Farewell; he subsequently gave it to Lieut. King, with an additional tract further north, on which our author hoisted the Union Jack. On the death of Lieut. King he gave it all to our author. Subsequently, Dingán, the successor of Chaka, drove all the white men from Natal, on account of their misconduct, and then, after some time, granted the territory to Capt. Gardiner. Now, it is quite obvious, that the native chiefs, in making these grants, have no idea of an absolute, indefeasible conveyance of property, but consider themselves as paramount lords of the soil, entitled to resume the grants whenever they think fit. Natal, therefore, cannot be securely occupied under any title but that of force; its want of a good harbour will always deprive it of the protection of ships of war, and its trade is beneath the notice of any but naked adventurers. These observations, we trust, will not be inopportune, at a time when embryo East-African companies, with proposed capitals of three millions, (buttons or beads to that amount, instead of pounds sterling, would be quite sufficient for the proposed object,) point to Port Natal as an advantageous spot for the commencement of their operations.

Memoirs of Luther, written by Himself; translated and arranged by M. Michelet.—[Mémoires de Luther, &c.]

[Second Notice.]

DURING 1527 the embarrassments of Luther were the greatest, since he had to contend not only with his old enemy, poverty, but with the plague, and other sickness. In one letter, he declares that his house was a perfect hospital. And well he might; for beside his sick children and servants, he had two women, with the curate and the curate's family, indisposed in his house. To the wants of all he administered with unceasing attention. He dreaded not the pestilence, except for the sake of his children and friends. It was his own lot to be assailed by extreme sickness of body, combined, as usual, with the most lamentable trouble of mind. "On the Saturday preceding the Visitation of our Lady, Martin Luther complained of violent headache and noise in the ears. The next morning, believing that he must yield to the disorder, he called for Bugenhagen, to whom he confessed, and to whom he spoke with terror of the temptations he had experienced." In the afternoon he became insensible for a time; his limbs grew cold as death; and he gave no sign of animation. Being recovered, however, by the means of art, he began to pray with great fervour. His address to the Almighty, which has been preserved, sufficiently evinces his sincerity.

Thou knowest, my God, that I would willingly have shed my blood for thy word; but thou hast otherwise ordained, and thy will be done! Doubtless I was not worthy of martyrdom. Cheerfully would I now die; yet, oh God! if such be thy will, I would live to diffuse thy holy word, and to comfort thy feeble servants. Yet if mine hour be come,

* Papers relative to the Cape of Good Hope, Part II. 1835.

thy will be done! thou art the master of life and death.

These, and other sentences, all inspired by the deepest feeling, disprove the frequent assertion of the Romanists,—that Luther was actuated by political, and not by religious motives, in his opposition to the established faith. His whole life bears evidence to the depth of his convictions. This fact, however, does not justify all his opinions or all his proceedings; for individual sincerity is no test of truth. All that we here attempt to establish, is his character for the first of all virtues; and a sick-bed, which might probably become a death-bed, affords the best means of estimating it. To us, indeed, Luther appears, on the present occasion, more interesting than at any other period of his life. Besides the quality for which we are contending, he exhibited the utmost affection for his wife and children. Thus, after remaining for some hours in a state bordering on death, on coming to himself he eagerly inquired:—

Where is my darling—my little John? And when the infant, on being brought to him, smiled in his face, he said, with tears in his eyes—“My beloved child, I commend both thee and thy good mother, my dear Catherine, to the care of God! You have nothing in this world; but God will take care of you; for He is the Father of the orphan and the widow. Preserve them, oh God, and instruct them as thou hast instructed me!” He then spoke to his wife concerning some silver goblets, “which,” he added, “as thou well knowest, are all our earthly store!”

But this period was not destined to be the close of Luther's eventful career. He recovered, yet slowly; and as he advanced towards health, he again became the prey of mental agony. Thus, in one of his letters:—

Though well in body, I am always afflicted by the persecutions of Satan; so as to be unable to write or do anything. I firmly believe the last day to be near at hand. Farewell; continually pray for poor Luther!

And in another:—

We may subdue the temptations of the flesh; but how difficult the struggle against those of blasphemy and despair! We do not understand the guilt of sin, nor what may be the appropriate remedy.

This was, indeed, an awful season, as he acknowledged in a subsequent letter: “Having nearly lost my hold in Christ, I was beaten by the floods and tempests of blasphemy and despair!” From this and many other expressions,—from this state of anguish, so acute as frequently to be intolerable, we are led to suspect that the sufferer could not divest himself of his early impressions, nor, consequently, of remorse. He, a monk, had married, and had married a nun! It was impossible for a man with such impressions,—with his peculiar conformation of mind,—with his heart and feelings, always to rest satisfied with what he had done. His friend, Melancthon, tells us how melancholy he was, even before the honeymoon was over; how weary of life; how apprehensive of the future; how perfectly miserable! His reason endeavoured to convince him that by violating vows never designed by God or nature, he had acted rightly; but its efforts must often have failed. And, indeed, to a less susceptible conscience than Luther's, the condition in which he was placed might well have some portion of alarm. Both he and his wife had taken the vow of chastity at a mature age, when both were acquainted with the force of the tempter. From her perfect reliance on his judgment, which she held to be infallible, she had probably no such agitation,—no such alarm; but this very circumstance might possibly add greatly to his. To his internal struggle on this occasion,—to his doubts whether he was justifiable in breaking a voluntary and solemn engagement, and whether, even if justifi-

able in the abstract, he had not given rise to much scandal, which a perseverance in his engagement would have avoided,—we are inclined to attribute something of the anguish before noticed. Doubtless, too, this anguish was heightened by his worldly circumstances. He was already a father; his offspring might become numerous; where would be their support when death removed him? when age or infirmity disabled him from attending to their wants? Nay, he appears even to have witnessed their actual privations, when neither age nor sickness assailed him. This was chiefly the result of his own imprudence,—for we can scarcely call it liberality. The booksellers offered him four hundred florins a year; but he refused the money, from a mistaken notion, that truth should be given, not sold. (From the same principle, he must have condemned all ecclesiastical endowments; and, indeed, he did frequently assail them with fury.) Add that he was profuse towards the necessitous, and we have the secret of his poverty, without impeaching too far the parsimony of the Elector. He was even known to give away the baptismal presents made to his children, and his articles of plate:—

One day a poor student asked him for some money; he told his wife to give some, but her reply was, that there was none in the house. He then took up a silver vase, and desired the student to procure money for it at the goldsmith's.

One day, while walking with Doctor Jonas and some other friends, he distributed, as usual, alms to the poor he met. Doctor Jonas did the same; but while he did so, he said,—“Who knows whether God will ever repay me?” Luther replied, “You forget that God has given you that which you now distribute!”

But it was only in sickness, or in seasons of inaction, that Luther was depressed; when the scene of life was crowded,—when hostility, whether civil or religious, assailed him, then he was “himself again;” and he never failed to exhibit an energy as indomitable as it was characteristic. His doctrinal disputes with *Ecclampedes* and *Zwingle*, for instance, respecting the nature of the Lord's Supper, roused him to all his former activity. So steadfastly did he adhere to his own opinions—so well convinced was he that they were founded in Scripture—nay, so infallible was he in his own estimation, and so intolerant to the notions of others, that nothing could induce him to extend the hand of fellowship to the Swiss reformers. Why? because they had the temerity to dispute his authority, in asserting the real presence of Christ as co-existing with the bread and wine. Though a league was formed against the Protestant princes, the common danger would not induce him even to be civil towards those who dissented from his creed. He consented, indeed, to exercise charity towards them; but then he was careful to define his meaning, by saying that we must have charity even in regard to our enemies; and in no other light would he consent to exercise it towards the Swiss dissenters. He called them, indeed, so many devils,—a favourite term of his. Of all men that ever lived, he was, perhaps, the most intolerant. To all overtures by the Emperor for a reconciliation between the two religions, he advised the chiefs of his to refuse a cool answer. He, therefore, disapproved of the interminable negotiations which, during fifteen years, signalized the strife of the two parties. “What,” he asked, “is the use of such conferences? I will not yield an iota; and unless the Pope consent to abolish his papacy, a union is impossible.” In a letter to Spalatin, the councillor of his patron, the Elector, he thus writes:—

So you have undertaken, I hear, a fine project,—to reconcile Luther and the Pope! But the Pope does not wish for such a result, and Luther abso-

lutely refuses it: be more prudent than to lose your time and labour. If you succeed, I myself will undertake a reconciliation,—that of Christ with Belial!

But Luther lived to entertain as despicable an opinion of the great in his own communion as he did of the papists. He saw the fundamental error of his church, that it was made to depend on the princes of this world; and his grief was the greater, as the error could not be repaired. They were the tyrants of his church; they were present at its synods; and nothing which they disapproved could be carried into execution. They knew that it had been established by their swords; that it could not subsist without their aid; and they resolved to derive their own advantages from the change. Hence they not only seized all the church property of the Roman Catholics within their respective jurisdictions, but they refused to assign any portion of it either to the support of the Lutheran ministers, or to the diffusion of education. In vain did Luther remonstrate; in vain did Melancthon assert, that had he foreseen the avarice, the violence, the worldly policy of these princes, he would have taken no part in the Reformation; the lands and buildings of the church were in the hands of laymen, and were as much lost to the poor, as the monastic possessions in England, the confiscation of which served as a model to the reformers of Germany. But Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, was not satisfied with mere plunder; he insisted on being allowed a second wife; and threatened that if his demand were refused, he would forsake his new brethren, and make what terms he could with the Emperor and the Pope. Of the fact, and of the criminal concession made by Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Corvin, Adam, and other heads of the Lutheran Church, we should in vain seek for information among the histories of this country; yet all this is no less certain, than that such men have lived. The Prince intrusted to Bucer the negotiation of this affair; and from his instructions we shall make such extracts as modestly will permit:—

Ever since my marriage, I have lived in adultery and fornication; and as I cannot abandon this kind of life, so I cannot approach the Sacramental table; for St. Paul has said, that the adulterer shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.

He then enumerates the reasons of his inconstancy:—

My wife is neither handsome nor amiable; she even stinks; and she drinks to excess, as my chamberlain can testify. By nature I am of a warm temperament, as you may learn by inquiry of my physicians. I often go to the imperial diets,—*Ubi laute vivitur et corpus curatur*; quomodo me ibi gerere queam absque uxore, cum non semper gynæceum mecum ducere possim? How can I punish fornication and similar crimes, when I reflect on my own guilt, and when any one may say to me, “Master, reform thyself!” If we take up arms for the gospel, my conscience is troubled, for I feel that if I die in the war, I go at once to the devil. I have read with great care both the Old and the New Testament; and the only remedy I can find is to take a second wife; for I cannot, and indeed I will not, change my habits in this respect. Before God I ask, why may not I do that which Abraham, Jacob, David, Lamech, and Solomon have done?

To understand the embarrassment in which this application placed Luther, it will be necessary to bear in mind the opinions which fifteen or sixteen years before he had publicly broached on the subject. From the first he had taught that chastity, however it might be extolled by pope and monks, was impracticable; that all who pretended to it were hypocrites; that, in fact, it was no virtue at all, since it was directly opposed both to the command of God, “Go forth and multiply!” and to the laws of nature.†

† “It is no more possible to live without women than it is to live without eating and drinking.”

“When Eve was brought before Adam, he, full of the

It was on this ground chiefly that he assailed all monastic establishments, and that he urged the inmates of all to forsake the cloister, to mix with the world, and to marry. He contended that he or she who refused to comply with this end of our being on earth, is guilty of rebellion to the will of God. Nothing indeed can exceed the contempt with which he speaks of female chastity, even admitting it to be possible; and the earnestness with which he urges both sexes to unite. He declared that the woman who died in childbed, or in pregnancy, would, if she professed the Christian faith, infallibly go to Heaven, since, in this case, she would be the martyr of duty.† In one of his public sermons at Wittenberg, he had ventured to lecture the married on the duties of that state. Some wives, he observed, were capriciously coy; but such rebellion alike to the will of God and the husband, must be punished. How? By means of any female domestic in the house. "If Sarah refuses, take Hagar!" Marriage he regarded as merely a civil contract, as depending not on religion, but on the laws; and wherever the object of its institution was impeded, he would grant letters of divorce, and leave the parties to form new connexions. But in reality he had gone much further. Seeing that polygamy was practised under the Mosaic dispensation, he declared that he did not see how it could be forbidden in modern times:—

For my part, I confess that I cannot oppose the man who may wish to marry several wives, and that I do not think such plurality contrary to Holy Scripture.

He gives, indeed, *political* reasons why such marriages should not be encouraged; and he advises Christians rather to abstain from what is permitted, than to give scandal to the papists. As he advanced in years he appears to have repented of what he had written and preached on so dangerous a subject; but then his repentance had no reference to the abstract merit of the question, but to the evil which society might sustain from the example of such brethren as might be resolved to avail themselves to the utmost extent of the liberty vouchsafed to them as free Christians.

With such opinions on record, how could Luther, and the other chiefs who espoused his opinions, refuse the demand of the Landgrave? Having assembled at Wittenberg expressly for the consideration of the affair, they reluctantly dispatched the concession required, dated after the feast of St. Nicholas, 1539, and signed by Luther and seven other theologians. The only condition, or rather recommendation, was, that to avoid scandal, the second marriage should be kept secret, and, consequently, that the second wife should not have, in the view of the world, an equal rank with the former. What, indeed, would the family of the lawful princess, what the states of the empire, what the emperor himself, say to the landgrave, and the advisers of the landgrave, if the second wife were openly admitted to the same rights? We need not translate the instrument; and we are not disposed to make any further comment on the affair.

From this period we observe a more than usual sadness in the letters of Luther. The circumstance just related had, doubtless, its effect; but other disgusts arrived to embitter his life. Mournful in the extreme are many of the reflections which he passes on the motives and characters of the princes and nobles who had em-

braced the Reformation; on the increasing depravity of the lower orders; on the absence of all reverence for religion or its ministers; and he believed—nay, he hoped—that the end of the world was at hand. We give some extracts from his epistles, which will pourtray the man more faithfully than any language of ours:—

Our gracious prince (the Elector of Saxony) has shown me the conditions of peace which he wishes to arrange with the Emperor and his adversaries. I perceive enough to be satisfied that he and his fellows regard the whole as a farce to be played for their own advantage; it is, however, a tragedy, in which Satan triumphs and God is humbled.

Thou wishest me, my dear Jonas, to send thee, from time to time, some lines of consolation. Alas! it is I, more than any one, who have need of being comforted by thee! Like Lot, I have much to suffer amidst this infamous, hellish ingratitude, this horrible contempt for God's word. I cannot but see that Satan possesses the hearts of those who believe that for them are reserved the highest places in the kingdom of heaven.

That his bodily infirmities, which in his last years were numerous and painful, contributed to his sadness, that they embittered his anguish, and increased his disgust of life, is evident from many of his letters, and many of his sayings, which were religiously recorded by his disciples and friends:—

I am idle, worn out, cold, that is, old and useless. I have finished my career; and it only remains for the Lord to unite me with my father; to give to putrefaction and the worms what is due to them. Behold me, sick of life, if indeed it can be called life. To me it seems as if the world were near its end.

But, whatever his ailments, (chiefly the stone and giddiness in the head) he never ceases to complain of his countrymen:—

Had I known, when I began my career, that men were such enemies to the word of God, assuredly I would have remained silent, and at my own ease. I foolishly thought that they sinned only through ignorance.

Our nobles, citizens, peasants, nay, every man, believe that they understand the Scripture much better than Dr. Luther, or than St. Paul himself. They despise their teachers, or, rather, the Lord, who is the teacher of all.

Our ecclesiastical visitors have sometimes asked the peasants, why they neglected to support their spiritual pastors, while they carefully supported their swineherds and shepherds? "Oh! we cannot possibly do without the latter!" was the reply; intimating that they could very easily dispense with their teachers.

In more places than one, Luther condemns the universal want of attention exhibited at church during the hours of divine service. He himself was so disgusted with it, that during six months he would not preach there, but in his own house. Yet, even here, he found cause for dissatisfaction. He said to Jonas:—

I preach, indeed, to satisfy my conscience, and to fulfil my duty as head of my household; but I can easily perceive that, ere long, the word of God will be no more valued here than it is at church.

This decay of piety in his own household, afflicted him: he saw it in the wife of his bosom. "Doctor," she said, one day, "how is it, that while subject to papacy we prayed so often, and with such fervour, while now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?" The reader may sigh or smile at the reply: "The reason is, that the devil continually urges his servants to fulfil his worship!"

Another blow at the world:—

The world is like a drunken peasant: help him on horseback, and he tumbles down on the other side. It cannot, by any possible means, be mended. It is, and will be, the devil's own world. I am perfectly weary of it. Would that our Lord would come quickly, and take me from it! Let him come with the Last Judgment, and I will hold out my neck for the stroke; let the thunderbolt lay me in repose!

One of his guests observed, that if the world should last fifty years longer, many things new would happen. "God forbid that it should!" replied Luther; the future will be worse than the past. Many sects would arise which are now germinating in the hearts of men. May the Lord come quickly! may he hasten his Last Judgment, and prevent such a misfortune! There is no hope of better things! Very soon, so miserable will be the condition of men upon earth, that from every corner of it the cry will be raised: "Merciful God, hasten the Judgment day!" Then, holding in his hand a rosary of white beads, he added, "God grant that the day may soon arrive! I would eat this rosary to-day, so that the Last Judgment might be to-morrow!"

The Last Day must be at hand. Who can expect the Romish Church to reform? How can repentance be hoped from the Turk and the Jew? There is no good in prospect for the empire: Diet after Diet have assembled these thirty years, yet no decision has been made. I am often at a loss what to pray for. The Archbishop of Mentz has no longer any influence; and it is all over with the Pope. The only remedy I can perceive is, the end of all things—"Father, thy kingdom come!"

I perceive throughout the world an inveterate avarice, and this is one of the signs which persuades me that the Last Day is at hand. The world seems to be in its dotage, in its last agony.

One day, being at the table of the old princess (the widow of his deceased patron, the Elector) she expressed a wish that he might yet be spared forty years to come. "I would not live forty years longer," was the reply, "even if Paradise were attached to the condition!"

These awful words! Some of his misery was doubtless owing to his disgust with the world; to his conviction that he had laboured for its welfare in vain; more still was owing to the depression of his spirits, after the vigour of manhood had fled, and the infirmities of age had crept upon him. His was not a mind adapted for rest, for silent meditation: his element, as he truly said, was the whirlwind and the storm. Much also must be attributed to the fear lest the world should have been rather injured than improved by the revolution of which he had been the instrument: he said repeatedly that it was much worse in his latter years than it had been in his earlier; if there was less superstition, there was less zeal for religion; and good works were absolutely scouted. "Alas!" was his exclamation; "the Decalogue has been banished from the reformed religion; and I suppose the Gospel will have the same fate!" On this subject he could scarcely avoid the feeling of regret. He had taught that good works were useless in the office of salvation: nay, he had exhibited so much contempt for the moral duties, that the simpler portion of his flock must have suspected there was absolute sin in performing them. In one of his letters he had even so far corrupted the sense of Scripture as to advise Melancthon to sin, and to sin heavily too, that he might know and feel the want of a Saviour! But in his cooler moments, when the heat of controversy was past, when age had sobered his judgment, especially when he saw the fatal results of his doctrine, he turned with affection to the moral law. There is, indeed, abundant reason to infer that his opinions on this momentous subject were greatly modified. This inference we derive from the wide dissimilarity between his writings, when a young man, and his sayings when an old one: "I am become an advocate for the Decalogue. I begin to perceive that the Decalogue is the dialectics of the Gospel, and the Gospel the rhetoric of the Decalogue; Christ has everything which belongs to Moses, but Moses has not everything which belongs to Christ." In another place he observes, that no good resulted from the preaching of faith; that it was listened to with indifference; but that when the law was preached, an impression was made on

Holy Spirit, gave her the most beautiful, the most glorious of names; he called her *Eve*, that is, the mother of all mankind; mark! he did not call her his wife, but the mother of all living men. This is the glory, the most precious ornament, of woman."

† There can be no doubt that women in labour or pregnancy who die in the faith, are saved, because they die in the very duty and function for which God created them."

the minds of some. He certainly reproached himself for the effect his doctrine in this respect had produced on the rising generation; and his only consolation lay in the conviction, that if he had been mistaken, that mistake had not been wilful, but involuntary. He acknowledged, too, that he had been violent and imprudent in many other things. We may add, that he is to be censured for many more for which he probably felt no remorse; or, if he did, he concealed it from the world. That he had frequently a lax and dangerous way of speaking, no less than of writing, is manifest from many passages in his letters and conversations. Well would it have been for his fame had he always felt the humility expressed in the following passage:—

I acknowledge that I am uncertain whether I rightly understand the Psalms. One commentator mistakes one passage, another mistakes more; I see things which escaped St. Augustine; and others, I am persuaded, will see what has escaped me. Who dare assert that any man has thoroughly comprehended a single psalm? Our life is a beginning, and something of a progress; but it is not a consummation.

And two days only before his death, this salutary sense of humility was still deeper and more rational.

No person (he writes to Eiselen,) can understand the Bucolics of Virgil unless he have been five years a shepherd. No person can comprehend the Georgics unless he have been five years a labourer. No person can enter into the spirit of Cicero's letters unless he have had twenty years' experience in the offices of state. And let no person think that he knows enough of the Holy Scriptures unless during a hundred years he has governed churches, like the prophets Elijah and Elisha, like John the Baptist, Christ, and the Apostles.

Hanc tu ne divinum *Aeneida* tenta,
Sed vestigia pronus adora!

We are indeed poor beggars. Hoc est verum, 16 Februarii, anno 1546.

On the 18th of February Luther breathed his last! He had, therefore, lived to feel the vanity of earthly wisdom, to despise presumption, and to approve the advice of the poet:

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

We must reserve the last, and by far the most interesting scene of Luther's life, for another paper.

Excursions in Switzerland. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

EXCURSIONS in Switzerland! more last words on that country of miracles, already rendered familiar to home apprehension, not only by the narratives of tourists, but by the ultra-beautiful and meretricious engravings of Annuals and Landscape Illustrations, and by the coarser transcripts of lithography! This, perhaps, may be esteemed by many a work of supererogation; but the name of Cooper will reanimate public curiosity, and confer an interest on the volumes, beyond what the subject would of itself inspire. Mr. Cooper, too, is an active and indefatigable traveller, examining, perseveringly, tracts the most remote from the highway of fashionable travellers, with an eye in which the relish of the beautiful is an instinct; his book, therefore, though a surplussage in literature, can hardly be deemed a superfluity.

"Switzerland," Mr. Cooper observes, "enjoying, probably, the sublimest, as well as the most diversified, beauties that exist on the globe, would seem to have a claim to be treated *sui generis*. Man appears almost to sink to a secondary rank in such a country; and the writer, in this portion of his travels, has gone little out of the way to give him a place in the picture." This passage affords a key to the general contents of the volumes. For alpine scenery, the author has a keen sensibility; and as he observes *con amore*, so he describes in all the

warm colours and graphic perspicuity of a poetic imagination. In this respect, if not in others, he has been happy in his theme. His powers as a novelist are largely drawn upon—and they are always ready to supply the demand. His descriptions have all the minuteness and reality of a Dutch picture; yet are massive and picturesque as the originals from which they are taken. Switzerland, probably, affords to Mr. Cooper the objects most congenial to his mind, which, we imagine, is more prone to excitement from things than from men—more from nature than from society. This is evident in the tone of his politics. Although by reflection and by habit a republican (as a good American ought to be), Mr. Cooper says, "he has the misfortune to belong to neither of the two great parties that divide his country, and which, though so bitterly hostile and distrustful of each other, will admit of no neutrality." Disgusted, possibly, by the meanness and profligacy, the selfishness and the faction, of work-a-day politics, he may have seen enough of individuals on both sides to be distrustful of the extreme principles they profess; for it is the ever-recurring misfortune of great and noble causes to be sullied and disgraced by men who embrace them from collateral motives, or adopt the letter without understanding the spirit. The division of parties in the United States is not *de lana caprina*; great and deep interests are at stake—interests which are connected even with the fundamental principles of government. Not to take a part in them, looks like being wanting in citizenship; yet how can a man of acute sensibility and refined intellect avoid seeing the errors which start saliently from the surface, or endure the vices which shed a venom on that which, abstractedly, is the purest and most holy? The very nobleness of nature, and enthusiastic purity of patriotism, that elevation of character—without which principles are as geometrical abstractions—drive their possessors away from the scenes of coarse and vulgar contention—from the exaggeration and extravagance of the hustings and the debate. It seems to us, however, that Mr. Cooper is still more likely to offend his countrymen by the social verities which he thrusts into their rather unwilling ears, than by his political opinions. England has been so Europeanized, since the opening of the Continent at the general peace, that the younger part of our population can form but a faint idea of the fierce John Bullism which prevailed before that epoch, and which would alone enable them to appreciate and to pardon the still more prominent and offensive nationality of a citizen of the United States. To that weakness, Mr. Cooper, who is in advance of his untravelled countrymen on the score of cosmopolitanism, shows little compassion; and he ever and anon seems to "take a pride in girding them" for their exaggerated notions of their own merits and importance in the scale of nations. It is curious, by the bye, to observe, that this national pride is not incompatible with a very considerable insensibility to the local affections. The Americans, it should seem, give a direct contradiction to Mr. Burke's famous apophthegm, that to love the general army you must begin by loving the particular battalion to which you belong; that to love the battalion you must love the regiment; while the love of the regiment equally proceeds from that of the company honoured by your personal presence and services. Within the boundaries of the republic, *ubi bene ibi patria*, appears to be a fashionable doctrine with the Americans. The habit of considering land merely as an object of speculation, and the general impulse of the bolder and more enterprising spirits to quit the subdued but exhausted lands of the old settlements, and

push forward to the wilder but more prolific back settlements, must operate to render the people strangers and aliens in their own country, and to confer an unnatural hardness upon their positive, unimaginative character.

"The tavern at which we stopped," says Mr. Cooper, when at Rheineck, "reminded me of one of the old-fashioned, quiet, Dutch inns that once existed on the Mohawk; and which were as much superior to their noisy, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, dirty Yankee successors, as cleanliness, stability, and sour-crust can be superior to a system in which a day may commence with a settlement, and end with a removal. How loathsome is a state of society that reduces the feelings of neighbourhood, religion, veneration for the past, hopes for the future, country, kindred, and friends, to the level of a speculation! The locusts of Egypt do not bring such a blight on a land, as the passage of a swarm of these restless, soulless, shiftless, and yet for ever shifting, creatures, who do not stay long enough in a place to love anything but themselves, and who invariably treat the best affections as they would deal with a bale of goods, or a drove of cattle on its way to the shambles. These are not the men who, by manly enterprise and bold conceptions, convert the wilderness into a garden; but reptiles that crawl in their footsteps, swagger of their own exploits, come and go incessantly, and, like the rolling stone, gather no moss."

There is, in all probability, much truth in this picture. The pursuit of the backwoodsman is essentially a gambling speculation; and the tendency of gambling, in all its branches, is to lower the standard of morality. Besides, the ruder and more hardy among the population will alone embrace a life so beset with difficulties, and so inaccessible to the more refined enjoyments of existence. Still, this is a circumstance unavoidable in the present condition of America, and which will disappear with the coming changes in that condition. It is no matter, therefore, of just reproach to the people—it is a fact, indeed, but it leads to no moral consequence.

On the whole, however, if the opinions, social or political, of Mr. Cooper give any deep offence to his countrymen, their sensitiveness must be much more acute than we imagine can be the case, among the more educated portion of them, at least. One of his hardest hits is contained in the following passage, which, though marked by some little inconsistency in the reasoning, contains a good deal of sound philosophy:—

"On our way from Langenthal, we saw the first *garde champêtre* that had been met in Switzerland. There are plenty of *gendarmes* in Berne; light men, commonly, with fuses slung at the back, wearing brown uniforms, *shakos*, and swords; soldiers in reality, though less military in their mien than those of France. We are too much in the practice of confounding the substance with the shadow, on all these matters, in America. It is the fashion to say that we have had a good training in liberty through our English descent. I believe the pretension to be singularly unfounded. It is true, that some of the great principles of English law accustom the subject to the exercise of certain rights, and create a disposition to defend them. But where do not similar feelings exist, as respects some immunity or other? There is no despotism so strong, that it is not obliged to respect usages, whatever may be the authority of the monarch, on paper. The great difference between England and the other nations of Europe, in this respect, has arisen from the fact that her rights are admitted in theory, while those of the Continent have existed more as concessions from the monarch. England, too, has had more of them; and the institution of juries, in particular, has caused an admixture of authority that, beyond a question, and in despite of gross abuses, has given tone and confidence to the subject. Still, as many fallacies and defects have followed this system of immunities, perhaps, as positive benefits. Take, as an example, the high-sounding privilege that every

man's house is his castle.' This has a big appearance; and, in a state of society in which arrests in civil cases were liable to be abused by power, it may possibly have been some protection against practical tyranny; but, admitting the principles that the debtor ought to be made to pay, and that his person must be seized in order to proceed against his effects, on what sound notion of right and wrong is a law to be defended which enables him who owes to bar his door, and laugh at his creditor through a window? If a debtor ought to pay, and if service of process be necessary to bring him into court, it is rank nonsense to call this evasion of the right by a word as sacred as that of liberty. English jurisprudence and English liberty abound with these contradictions, many of which have descended to America, as heir-looms.

"One of the consequences of considering mere franchises as political liberty, is a confusion between cause and effect, and prejudices like these which exist against a *gendarmie*. Political liberty does not exist in the nature of particular ordinances, but in the fact that the mass of a community, in the last resort, holds the power of making such municipal regulations, and of doing all great and sovereign acts, as may comport with their current necessities. A state that set up a dictator, so long as its people retained the practical means of resuming their authority, would, in principle, be freer than that which should establish a republic, with a limited constituency, and a provision against change. Democracies may submit to martial law, without losing any part of their democratic character, so long as they retain the right to recall the act. Thus may a democracy commission *gendarmes* to execute its most familiar ordinances, without in the least impairing its political pretension. Laws are enacted to be executed; and if a man with a gun on his shoulder be necessary to their execution, it surely is no sign that liberty is on the wane that such agents are employed, but just the contrary, by proving that the people are determined their will shall be enforced. Liberty does not mean license, either through franchises or through disorders, but an abiding authority, in the body of a nation, to adapt their laws to their necessities."

There can be little doubt that in this view the author is so far right, that a free people may employ an armed force for legal purposes, without compromising their liberties; and that Americans may, perhaps, entertain what may be termed, if not "an ignorant impatience," yet a vulgar prejudice regarding this force; but, at the bottom of the question, we arrive at the further conclusion, that a free people, who require an armed force for giving efficacy to the public will, are far from having fully acquired the art of self-government; and that, whether necessary or not to the preservation of order, the existence and intervention of such a force, in the business of society, will, in the long run, beget habits of submission in the people, and of recurrence to forcible measures in the governing officers, unfavourable to the permanence of personal liberty. For the rest, there is much in this passage, and in the long note appended to it (which we are compelled to omit), which both English and Americans may study with profit.

We have already guarded the reader from supposing that Mr. Cooper's is a political work, which, from the turn this article has taken, he might otherwise conceive; far from it: the passages, like those we have quoted, are few and far between, and they have taken a precedence in our notice of the work, not only because they are illustrative of one of the phases of American society, but because we have found it difficult to transfer to our pages the interest which Mr. Cooper has thrown into his descriptions of mere inanimate nature, however beautiful that nature may be. The stock and staple of the work is description; and much of its effect must arise from the sustinment of the reader's enthusiasm, as caught from that of the author. The best selected specimen, therefore, when abstracted from

the rest, must lose part of its charm. Still, we should fail altogether in conveying an adequate insight into Mr. Cooper's work, if we did not give some "taste of his quality"; and we have selected a passage, possessing a moral and a picturesque interest, which especially qualifies it for extract—the account of the fall of the Rossberg mountain:—

"Beckoning to a peasant who was mowing in a field near by, I inquired if he had witnessed the fall of the Rossberg? This man was at work, at the moment of the catastrophe, within a few yards of the very spot where we then stood. He described the noise as being sufficiently terrifying, but as less loud than one would suppose. A dense cloud of dust spread itself across the valley of Goldau, and up the side of the Rossberg, a distance of two miles or more, and he saw fire shooting through the air. From the appearance of the latter, the first impression in Schwytz had been, that there was a volcanic eruption; but it was afterwards known that the fire came from some lime-kilns that had been burning on the mountain. The fall of the Rossberg was owing to water passing through crevices of the mountain, and forming an enormous layer of mud, off of which the huge superincumbent mass had slid, like a ship when she is launched. It differed from the accident at Weggis only in the fact of the strata of the mountain separating, and by the greater magnitude of the phenomenon. The mud was driven downward by the enormous pressure with great impetuosity, and most of it, finding an outlet in that direction, was forced, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, into the other end of the lake. Here it literally formed nearly a thousand acres of land! What an idea this fact gives us of the magnificent scale on which the works of nature are displayed in this country! One has difficulty in believing in such an event; but the meadow tells its own tale. The depth of the lake, in general, is about fifty feet; but the water was more shallow at its upper end, where this extraordinary change occurred.

"The sudden entrance of so much earth, as you will readily suppose, compelled as sudden an exit of an equal quantity of water. My informant described the first effect of this phenomenon to be a nearly perpendicular barrier of water, which stretched across the head of the lake, and which was the first feature of the catastrophe that he distinctly understood. Comprehending the nature of this danger, he had just time to run from the eminence where we were standing, and on which he had then been at work, into the street of the hamlet, and to bring up a little brother of his, who was playing before his own door. This was hardly done, when the wave reached the eastern shore, and poured its volume against the base of the Righi, and through the low pass of the Scewen. A great deal of the force of this wave must have been broken by the mountain, which is quite precipitous here, and the recoil of the water no doubt helped to diminish the violence of the succeeding shocks. Still the torrent that broke over the low ground washed all before it, including several houses, taking its course by the bed of the Scewen into the lake of Lucerne. There were three great waves, after which the water gradually subsided. I believe no lives were lost; a circumstance that must have been owing to the fact that the water escaped from the lake chiefly on the reflux, the side of the mountain receiving the principal shock.

"Near the base of the mountain is a sort of oasis in the desert. It is a little spot, of clayey meadow land, that has escaped the fall of rocks, and which is fenced and mowed. Whether it is the miserable remains of the original meadow, or whether it is a portion of meadow that slid from the mountain, I cannot say; but quite probably it is the latter. It is covered with a wiry grass. Pools of water exist all over the ruin, which altogether looks fresh, although the accident occurred in 1806. At the base of the Righi are detached rocks scattered about the meadows, that were hurled a good deal in advance of the mass. This place looks like a battle ground, where Milton's angels had contended.

"After passing an hour amid this desolation, I mounted the Rossberg, for some distance, and stood on the verge of the precipice left by the fall. The view of the ruin beneath was frightful, and it was in

strange contrast with the exquisite loveliness of the meadows that closely embrace its sides.

"Four hundred and thirty-three of the inhabitants of the mountain and valley perished on this occasion; but to these must be added sixteen residents of other parts of the canton, and eight travellers. The latter were a bridal party, about to ascend the Righi. One or two gentlemen of their company were so far in the rear as to escape. These heard the rending of the rocks; and the last they saw of their friends, the latter had stopped and were looking up at the Rossberg, the sounds having evidently attracted their attention too. In the next minute they were buried beneath the ruins! The noise had previously alarmed some of the residents, of whom seventy-four escaped by flight. Those who lived on the mountain, by taking lateral directions, had to run about five hundred feet in order to be safe. Ebel estimates the pecuniary loss at a little more than half a million of dollars."

However unpromising the subject of Swiss scenery, with its perpetual claims on "pure description," that sworn superseder of "sense," Mr. Cooper has contrived, by his earnestness of manner and agreeable style, to make a pleasant book. Amidst the numerous volumes of dry, barren, lifeless matter through which we are compelled to wade, it is a grateful relief to encounter a page which bears the impress of genius.

The Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury. By Mr. Martyn and Dr. Kippis. Edited by G.W. Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

Lives of the most Eminent British Statesmen. By J. Forster, Esq. Vol. I. Longman & Co.

THE battles on paper respecting the Great Civil War, have been scarcely less fierce than those in the field. But the controversy has worn itself out: mankind has at length learned that there never yet was a civil war with a clear case of right on one side, and of wrong on the other; and, instead of stigmatizing this party as tyrants, or that as traitors, men now examine the antagonizing opinions embodied in the struggle, and study the characters of the leaders less as individuals than as representatives of great political principles. We have frequently stated that the wars between Charles and his Parliament are not only the most instructive portion of our history, but that to which Englishmen may refer with most satisfaction; for never, in any age or country, were opinions maintained with greater sincerity, or principles developed in stricter purity: and we have also acknowledged, that the following, including the period from the Restoration to the Revolution, is that most painful to contemplate, for their opinions were mere badges of party, assumed and laid aside at pleasure; and, as to principle, few of the performers who then strutted on the stage, pretended to it. We have long regarded the character of the Earl of Shaftesbury as the best representative of the transition state between the uncompromising integrity of one generation, and the flexible profligacy of the other; and, when the work now before us was announced, we hoped to obtain from it some fresh information respecting the change of loyalty into subservency, and patriotism into faction. We have been disappointed: the work was originally prepared in the beginning of the last century, when the science of historical criticism was at its lowest ebb, and it was written under the superintendence of the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, who was by no means disposed to have his ancestor's conduct scrutinized too minutely. These circumstances, indeed, have misled some of our contemporaries with respect to the originality of the matter contained in the work; they have, for example, quoted the letters respecting Locke's expulsion from Oxford, as if they were now, for the first time, published, though they are to be found in works

so common as those of Mr. Fox and Lord King.

The biography, as originally prepared by Mr. Martyn and Dr. Kippis, should properly be called an Apology for, rather than a 'Life' of the Earl of Shaftesbury. We doubt not that its effect would be considerably weakened if the original papers were impartially examined; and we do not, therefore, blame the present Earl for refusing access to documents that would illustrate the character of an ancestor who deserted from the King to the Parliament—who flirted with Cromwell—who prevented, by intrigue, the affixing conditions to the Restoration—who sate at the trial of the regicides, dooming men to die for an act which he had, at least, passively sanctioned—who became a member of the infamous cabal—who patronized, if he did not devise, the popish plot—who endeavoured to place the imbecile Monmouth on the throne, that "he might be viceroy over him"—who, while he lived, betrayed every party, and when he died, was despised by all.

To the original work a few additions have been made by Mr. Cooke; they are not of much value, but display a greater spirit of impartiality than could be hoped for in hired advocates like Martyn and Kippis.

Mr. Forster's Lives of Elliott and Strafford are written with spirit and freedom, but the style is somewhat artificial. The writer's opinions of Elliott are well known from papers heretofore published, but the 'Life,' as here enlarged, is a valuable piece of British Biography, and of great interest. He has adopted Guizot's view of Strafford's character, that he was a friend to prerogative from the beginning, and only became a patriot when disappointed by the court; and, though this theory is neither very new nor very ingenious, Mr. Forster may justly claim the merit of having developed it with ability, and supported it by a vast mass of documentary evidence.

The Broken Font; a Story of the Civil War.

By the Author of 'Tales of the Wars of our Times,' &c. 2 vols. Longman.

This is a good book: healthy and English in spirit,—simple in language, without being bald,—and if not rich in characters or incidents, sufficiently filled with both to be read with pleasure, and parted from with regret. We cannot better characterize the impression which it has made upon us, than by comparing it (of course with an interval of distance) with that produced by the sound, manly writings of Herbert and Walton.

If, however, (as some hold,) the novel of the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads has yet to be written,—presuming that Sir Walter Scott himself has touched the externals merely, and not the philosophy of the subject, in 'Peveril' and 'Woodstock,'—the desideratum is as far as ever from being supplied by the volumes before us. In truth, they are too gentle in spirit for the time of which they tell. Sir Oliver Heywood, and Parson Noble, of Cheddar, whose death is beautifully imagined, and Juxon—(happy in the hand of the charming Jane Lambert, who hold with the Cavaliers, are coloured somewhat too much in the same hue: an historical picture affords scope for, and demands variety. Yet, as if he had already enough and to spare of this, the author makes the more noisy, rattling, and careless cavalier, Sir Charles Lambert, (in his most characteristic days, wanting something of the grace of jingling spur, and hat and feather, which Vandyke has immortalized,) "turn to favour and to prettiness,"—his heart being touched on the point of honour. Of course, the great feature of the civil wars, which was to "divide a house against itself," has not been neglected:

the heroine Katherine Heywood's love is crossed "beyond remede" by such a family feud; while, on the other hand, Cuthbert Noble, who, from a pale meditative student, becomes a champion with buff-coat and bandalier, and whose earnestness, and awkwardness, and difficulties in his military career, are among the most racy things in the tale, is reclaimed from a sour and sanguinary fanaticism, by becoming the instrument of a catastrophe, in which one near and dear to him is concerned. The historical characters, who appear merely as occasional and secondary figures on the scene, have been better represented by other writers.

Schloss Hainfeld; or, a Winter in Lower Styria.

By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. London: Whitaker.

If the general reader benefit by the publication of a work, so cheerful and pleasant as this chronicle of a winter in Lower Styria, we fancy that its advent must be yet more precious to the critics, who, according to the insinuations of the world, sit, like Pope and Pagan, by the highways of literature—best pleased when they can raise the loudest noise, and caring not a straw for the peace or well-being of the Pilgrim in search of the Celestial City; but especially all such as stand prepared with a malediction and a cudgel for those who prattle or "pencil" too freely of the private habits and personages of the lands they have visited, may rejoice in the prospect of bestowing upon this gallant son of Neptune, a triple measure of hard words and blows. Never was any book so fearlessly personal as 'Schloss Hainfeld,' whether in the detail of the means and appliances of the housekeeper's room, or in the sufferings of the sick chamber—whether the theme be a pleasant guest, or a bore, Captain Hall writes on, now as ever the minutest and least withholding of narrators, always self-complacent, and always entertaining.

On the particular count of delinquency, proved at every page of this volume, we have never been very severe judges; we shall therefore leave it at once to our contemporaries as a touchstone of their sincerity, and turn to the work itself. To be brief, Captain Hall and his family, while in Italy, by the merest possible chance stumbled upon an invitation from an aged countrywoman, the Countess Purgstall, née Cranstoun, as the French have it, the widowed possessor of Schloss Hainfeld. The invitation led to a treaty, which was closed to the satisfaction of all parties; and thus it was, that the gallant captain and his household gods were in due course of time domesticated in the "Schloss" aforesaid; the outward and visible romance of which he at once hastens to destroy, by telling us that the building (despite its imposing title), was like nothing more or less than "a huge manufactory, with turrets at the corners." So far, it must be confessed, the impromptu nature of the invitation being passed over, all is common-place and unpromising enough; nor is the portrait of the grief-worn, bed-ridden lady of the mansion,—a "Mademoiselle Endor" in appearance, as she describes herself,—much more inviting; but the whole scene takes another aspect, so soon as we are led to suspect, if not to believe, that this feeble, faded wreck, (heart-warm, however, to the last,) was the remains of the original of one of the northern Magician's most radiant and unsurpassed creations, "the heath-flower of Cheviot," the mysterious and fascinating Die Vernon.

It may be argued, that the proofs of a fact, so interesting to novel-readers, are few and vague. We care not,—resolved, for an hour at least, to see what Captain Hall presents to us, and nought beside. Of course, matters of date, propin-

quity, &c. come naturally enough. Miss Jane Anne Cranstoun was born in Scotland, in the year 1760, and, from the position occupied by her family, (her sister was married to Dugald Stewart,) no less than from her own abilities, mixed in the choicest society of Edinburgh; she was among the first literary *confidantes* of Sir Walter Scott, then a very young man; in a love matter, too, she appears to have been a faithful and sympathizing friend; Captain Hall takes care to say, "that there was nothing of a more tender sentiment between them,"—in fact, from the difference in their ages, this was hardly likely. She, however, was the good fairy, by whose kind aid the young poet was first introduced to the public:—

"About the year 1793, Burger's extraordinary poem of Leonora found its way to Scotland, and it happened that a translation of it was read at Dugald Stewart's, I think by Mrs. Barbauld. Miss Cranstoun described this strange work to her friend; the young poet, whose imagination was set on fire by the strange crowd of wild images and novel situations in this singular production, never rested till, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, he contrived to study it in the original, and she, as usual, encouraged him to persevere, and at the end of a few weeks' application to the German language, he had made out the sense, and had himself written a poetical translation of that poem.

"One morning, at half-past six, Miss Cranstoun was roused by her maid, who said Mr. Scott was in the dining-room, and wished to speak with her immediately. She dressed in a great hurry, and hastened down stairs, wondering what he could have to say to her at that early hour. He met her at the door, and holding up his manuscript, eagerly begged her to listen to his poem! Of course she gave it all attention, and having duly praised it, she sent him away quite happy, after begging permission to retain the poem for a day or two, in order to look it over more carefully. He said she might keep it till he returned from the country, where he was about to proceed on a visit, to the house where the lady to whom he was attached was residing.

"His friendly critic was already aware of this intended visit, and an idea having suggested itself to her during his animated perusal of the poem, she lost no time in putting it in execution. As soon as he was gone, she sent for their common friend, Mr. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinneder, and confided her scheme to him, of which he fully approved. The confederates then sallied forth to put their plan in train, and having repaired to Mr. Robert Miller the bookseller, they soon arranged with him to print a few copies of the new translation of 'Leonora,' one of which was to be thrown off on the finest paper, and bound in the most elegant style.

"In few days the book was ready, and care being taken to despatch it addressed to Mr. Scott, so that it should arrive at what was deemed the most propitious moment, it was placed in the Poet's hands, just as the company were assembled round the tea-table after dinner.

"Much curiosity was expressed by the party—the fair lady inclusive—as the splendid little volume gradually escaped from its folds, and displayed itself to the astonished eyes of the author who, for the first time, saw himself in print—and who, all unconscious of the glories which awaited him, had possibly never dreamed of appearing in such a dress.

"Concealment was out of the question, and he was called upon by the unanimous acclamation of the party, to read the poem, of which, as it happened, none of them had ever heard even the name."

Captain Hall tells us that this was not the last literary service rendered to Sir Walter by his accomplished and discriminating friend. Their intercourse, however, was interrupted by the marriage of the latter: this took place in the year 1797, and the Countess Purgstall never revisited England. For a time the correspondence was maintained, but vicissitude and sorrow fell heavy upon the unfortunate lady, and it appears to have languished of later years. Sir Walter's letters are unfortunately lost, having

been stolen from her strong box, save one addressed to her on the occasion of her sending him the "Denkmahl," (a monumental tribute to her son,—the last of his race,) written by herself. This letter was never forwarded, owing, Captain Hall thinks, to the non-completion of a poem which was to have accompanied it. It is dated in the year 1820, and a large extract from it cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers:—

"Alas! my dear friend, what can the utmost efforts of friendship offer you, beyond the sympathy which, however sincere, must sound like an empty compliment in the ear of affliction? God knows with what willingness I would undertake anything which might afford you the melancholy consolation of knowing how much your old and early friend interests himself in the sad event which has so deeply wounded your peace of mind. The verses, therefore, which conclude this letter, must not be weighed according to their intrinsic value, for the more inadequate they are to express the feelings they would fain convey, the more they show the author's anxious wish to do what may be grateful to you.

"In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner, without continuing the game, till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy, or jealous of poetical fame—and both are strangers to my nature—I might comfort myself with the thought, that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so fearlessly as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority, than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for everything, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by.

"My health suffered horridly last year, I think from over labour and excitation; and though it is now apparently restored to its usual tone, yet during the long and painful disorder (spasms in the stomach), and the frightful process of cure, by a prolonged use of calomel, I learned that my frame was made of flesh, and not of iron, a conviction which I will long keep in remembrance, and avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating, as poetry must be, to be worth anything. • •

"The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction; and the brother suppers of Frederick Street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from the talents under whose auspices they were assembled.

"One of the most pleasant sights which you would see in Scotland, as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale—Corehouse. I have promised often to go out with him, and assist him with my deep experience as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more upon my compositions for manure than on any other compositions whatsoever to which I was ever accessory. But so much does business of one sort or other engage us both, that we never have been able to fix a time which suited us both; and with the utmost wish to make out the party, perhaps we never may.

"This is a melancholy letter, but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours—who have had such real disasters to lament—while mine is only the humorous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever.

I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfrinds, and, I think, no enemies—and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before.

"I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and therefore I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph.

"Should things, therefore, change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without."

But we are long in coming to the circumstances, which appear to Captain Hall to identify the lady of the Schloss with the caged bird of Osboldiston Hall. We cannot do better than report the circumstances in his own words:—

"From the accounts which she gave of her own independence of character and conduct, and the peculiarity of her ways, especially of her being always on horseback, and always speaking her mind—with other points bordering on eccentricity, which she said she could well afford to laugh at in her old age, we very early conceived the idea that she might possibly have been the person from whom Sir Walter drew his bold and truly original character of Die Vernon; and when our suspicions were once aroused, we found confirmations at every turn. Amongst other things, it seemed very odd and unaccountable, that of all the works of Sir Walter Scott, the only one she had not seen was Rob Roy; and upon questioning her as to the cause of this, she mentioned that it was the only one which he had not sent her. Now, on the supposition that the heroine was drawn from her, this is readily to be understood—but scarcely otherwise.

"Of course, we lost no time in bringing this novel before her, and while we read it to her, we carefully watched the effects it produced. She was much more deeply interested with the story than she had been with that of any of the other novels. She took particular interest in the descriptions of the scenery; and with all that part which lies in Cumberland she seemed perfectly familiar; and as we read on, she repeatedly exclaimed—'Oh, I know that scene—I remember describing it myself to Sir Walter Scott. That anecdote he had from me—I know the man that character is taken from,' and so on, through the greater part of the book. But, what was most remarkable, she never once made an observation on the character or proceedings of Die Vernon. So completely, indeed, were we persuaded, from all the circumstances, that she herself was conscious of the likeness, that we felt afraid to take the liberty of speaking to her directly upon the subject. Many times, however, we dropped hints, and gave her openings, but though she was quite communicative on every other point, she was resolutely silent upon this. And what made her reserve the more remarkable was, that when any other of Sir Walter's novels was read to her, she let not a single character pass without the minutest scrutiny—and very often stopped us to relate other characteristic anecdotes of the persons mentioned, and which she said she knew belonged to the same parties from which he had made his sketches.

"For the rest, I shall only add, that I cannot conceive anything more exactly like what we may suppose Die Vernon to have become in her old age, than was our excellent friend Madame Purgstall at seventy-eight. Nearly forty years of expatriation, during scenes of war, pestilence, and famine, with the accompaniment of military despotism and civil tyranny, had in no material degree damped the generous spirit, or tarnished the masculine understanding, which early won the future Great Unknown's confidence and regard; and which, in the meridian of his power and fame, he afterwards traced in one of his most original and striking characters."

And here, for the present, we must pause: not having yet touched the kernel of the book.

We shall have more, however, to say of the "Schloss" and its mistress, who besides her *ana* of the wits of the Parliament House, and her historical anecdotes of Napoleon's occupation of Vienna, and other stirring events, could "tell about Schiller and Goethe, or describe Haydn and Mozart's playing on the piano-forte."

List of New Books.—Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English language, corrected edition, with appendix, 4to. 45s. cl.—Edwards's *Iteubia* of Euripides, Porson's Text, with English prose translations and notes, 8vo. 8s. swd.—Rider's *Principles of Perspective*, illustrated with 27 lithographic figures, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Etheridge's *Apostolic Ministry*, 12mo. 3s.—Entick's *Tyrionis Thesaurus*, new edit. square, 5s. 6d. bd.—Lothian's *Bible Atlas*, third edit. 2mo. 3s. 6d. hlfbd.—Lothian's *County Atlas of Scotland*, new edit. 4to. 31s. 6d. hlfbd.—The *Rhenish Album*, or *Scrapers from the Rhine*, 12mo. 12s. 6d. cl.—*Supplement to Evans's Statutes*, by T. C. Granger, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*Parkin on the Treatment of Epidemic Cholera*, 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy*, Vol. 1. 6s. 6d. cl.—*British Cyclopædia*, (Geography and History,) 3 vols. 8vo. 45s. cl.—*The Florist's Magazine*, Vol. 1. small paper, 32s. cl.; large paper, 52s. 6d. cl.—*Rennie's Alphabet of Angling*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Kirk White's Poetical Works*, 32mo. 2s. cl.—*Dodsley's Annual Register*, Vol. LXXVII. 10s. bd.—*Mornings with Mama*, 4th series, 18mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—*Silvertop's Geology of Granada and Murcia*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bd.—*Sandford on Female Improvement*, 2 vols. 6s. 12s. cl.—*Proctor's* (Rev. W. J.) *Sermons*, 12mo. 7s. bd.—*Thompson's* (Mrs.) *Commentary on the New Testament*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Histoire de France*, par M. Calcoete, 18mo. 4s. hlfbd.—*Kentrick's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition*, Part I. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—*A Popular View of Homoeopathy*, by the Rev. Thomas R. Everest, 8vo. 6s. bd.—*Cherville's First Step to French*, 2nd edit. 3s. bd.—*Wood's* (Miss) *Meetings for Amusing Knowledge*, 12mo. plates, pl. 5s. 6d.; col. 6s. 6d.—*Walker's Beauty in Woman*, illustrated by Howard, royal 8vo. 31s. 6d. bd.—*Winkle's British Cathedrals*, Vol. 1. imp. 8vo. 21s.; royal 4to. 42s. cl.—*Chambers's Educational Course*, (Rudiments of Chemistry,) 12mo. 1s. 4d. cl.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN DUBLIN.

BY LADY MORGAN.

(Continued from p. 417.)

THE Deanery of St. Patrick stood apart in its power and importance from all other church dignities of the great system under which it rose. There was a halo over the office that seems to have shed a light upon its incumbents in early times!—a light which set over the tomb of Swift, never to rise again! Great men were formed to fill this great position; and their busy, bustling lives, far from being confined within the precincts of their Cathedral, were devoted, in field and cabinet, to public services, and, occasionally, directed to "views rather too much on this side heaven" for their spiritual calling. "The liberty of the close" (the Dean's power within the precincts) had been recognized from the earliest times, by various acts of parliament, letters patent, and public records. The Chapter was freed from all secular service, and the district was styled "a sanctuary." The sheriff's writ approached not the holy shrine of St. Patrick. The power of the Archbishop of the diocese ceased at the gates of its precincts! There "the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest." There, too, hunted crime, like persecuted virtue, found protection; and the murderer who, all reeking with the gore of his victim, fled to the arms of this favoured church, scoffed at the officers who pursued him, though they also were officers of the church: for Law and Gospel were then one; the members of the hierarchy were also the magnates of the law; and Chancellors and Judges were chosen from among Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick had their seneschals, who held courts leet within their manor; and the spiritual privileges conferred by charters on this great establishment were equal to its temporal immunities. The Chapter was exempt from answering any personal plea in ecclesiastical matters, except in the Chapter of St. Patrick. The members could not be suspended without the judgment of the Chapter. The Dean of St. Patrick could grant licences of marriage and probates of wills to his parishioners. He could reject the interference of the Archbishop of the diocese; and had the power, by charter, to refuse to answer his grace's citations or judgments, except only in his own Chapter. A long series of rival claims and bitter disputes between these two powerful churchmen, sprung out of this

independence assumed by the Dean; which, at last calling for the papal interference, was temporally adjusted by the celebrated Pope Leo X. in the sixteenth century.

Other and far earlier causes of dissension embroiled the Deans of St. Patrick, not only with their brother churchmen, but with the laity, so far back as 1229. William Fitz-Guy, or Guido de Londres, the first Dean, had a violent contest with the monks of the Priory of Castleknock, for tithes "lying between the waters of Fulgan and the farm of Finglas." The laity—the party most interested—the laity, who were to pay these tithes for the maintenance of the gorgeous deanery of St. Patrick, or for the support of the jolly monks of Castleknock, must have taken a part in the sordid feud, and probably inclined to favour the claims of the regulars, at that epoch so much more popular than the seculars. Blood was spilt 600 years ago, (as now) for tithes! The Church began to be scandalized; the Archbishop of Dublin offered himself as arbitrator between the belligerent parties, and a compromise ensued. The Dean and the Prior were satisfied—the people paid all the same; but they at least paid for what (as they deemed) value was to be received. The religion of the Dean and Prior was their religion. The old monastery of Castleknock opened its gates to their petitions and its treasury to their wants; the hungry were fed in its halls—the sick were cured in its hospitals; while the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick gave protection to many—education to more—and celebrated divine service, and performed religious offices for all.

These Deans of the Middle Ages appeared to have merited their honours, and proceeded from time to time in the acquirement of new temporal and church dignities. John Colton (of the University of Cambridge), Treasurer of Ireland and Dean of St. Patrick's in 1374, did the state (as well as church) such service that his conduct called forth the acknowledgments of the King of England and Lord of Ireland. The absence of the Lord Deputy from the seat of government having encouraged a rising among the obstreperous citizens of Dublin, and a foray from the mountains of the O'Beirnes and others of the mere Irishry, the Dean of St. Patrick took the field, and showed himself as equal to its exigencies as he was to those of the choir or council. Again, the reverend and valiant Dean is found, far from his shrines and altars, marching over the shaking bogs and plashy ways of Munster, under the leadership of Mortimer Earl of March. It must have been a curious spectacle to see this powerful ecclesiastic followed to the gates of his precinct by choir and chapter, in hood and gown; arming himself at all points, mounting his war steed, and placing himself at the head of his little train, which consisted of "four men at arms, and eight archers on horseback, over and above his familiar servants and his clerks, (for which state he was allowed twelve pence a day for each man at arms, and six pence for each archer)." Thus it was he traversed the greater part of Ireland; and when he arrived at the house of the Friars Preachers at Cork, where the Lord Deputy sojourned, "the Dean was allowed to keep many more men at arms."

The death of the Lord Deputy, and an invasion of the city of Cork by the Barrets and other powerful clans, put the English interest at this period in jeopardy. The government, without a head, solicited the Earls of Desmond and Ormond to accept the high office of Lord Deputy. "But they had enough to do (they said) to defend their own marshes," and declined the dignity. The Dean of St. Patrick's, the valiant John Colton, was therefore solicited to accept the perilous honour, and was duly sworn into office as Lord Deputy of Ireland, with "an annual fee of 500*l*." But, adds the record, "on account of his singular hospitality, the King added ten shillings a day to his revenue." A few years after, this bustling, belligerent Dean again appears as Primate of all Ireland! He had been promoted to this, the greatest church dignity, by the gratitude of Pope Urban VI.; for the Dean, in the midst of all his occupations, clerical and administrative, had found time to enter into the long enduring schism which then distracted the Roman Church, and which was headed by the rival Popes, Urban and Clement. He wrote two works in favour of Urban, which won

him the favour of the Pontiff and the see of Armagh.†

Warrior, minister, polemic—this Dean Colton maintained besides, "a high reputation for virtue, learning, affability, and sweetness of temper, and, on that score, was dear to all ranks of people."<‡

The English interest still continued to prevail over the national Cathedral, and the successor of John Colton, Thomas de Everdon, ("Clericus noster delectus," as the King styled him,) was raised to the dignity of the Deanery by his Chapter in the year 1411. The Anglo-Norman, De Everdon, was a worthy successor to the Reverend Lord Deputy and Military Primate of Ireland. He combined the most arduous civil and military duties with his clerical avocations. He appears to have been a Secretary of War, as well as a dignitary of the Church, and performed all the labours of an Adjutant-General of modern times. Dean de Everdon turned the precincts of St. Patrick into a species of Horse Guards. There military combinations were made, and military promotions were sought; the accounts of all military expeditions—of all monies expended for military purposes—were kept; and the "Dean and his clerks" occasionally set forth on a foray themselves. For a service of this kind, we find him rewarded by twenty pounds, presented to him "on the recommendation of the Lord Deputy, for taking two of the McGeoghans in Westmeath;" and again "for taking the O'Brynes, raising men at arms, hoblars, &c., during the war with the Irish," Richard II. (it appears by the Rolls) awarded him a liberal restitution. In the midst of these religious and military duties, the Dean was "appointed Keeper of the Great Seal, and of the Rolls of Chancery; and, after a life of useful activity in three arduous departments of Church, State, and Army, this Dean, Chancellor, and Secretary of War, died under the protection of St. Patrick, and in the odour of sanctity and wisdom, which has preserved his memory to succeeding ages."

A foreigner, and a favourite of the Pope's, "one Dr. Prene," succeeded to Dean Colton, and his reign over the dominions of St. Patrick was most remarkable for the scenes enacted under the starry roof of his beautiful Cathedral. The Dublin corporation was, in the early part of the 15th century, a very troublesome, self-sufficient, and sordid body; and, whenever that mixed population, "the citizens of Dublin," made up of Anglo-Irish and Anglo-Norman, of English by birth and English by descent, or of mere Irish "bred and born," were disposed for an outbreak, the mayor and corporation were ever ready to furnish them with an excuse, by inrolling them under their own factious banner, being, then, with the most insolent assumption of exclusive loyalty to the government of the Pale, and to the interest of the Church, the most factious body of the state and country. In 1432, the mayor and corporation, and the citizens of Dublin, having taken some offence at the Lord Lieutenant, accused him of being too Irish, and proceeded to open riot. They committed homicide within the precincts of the Lord Deputy's residence, laid violent hands on the Earl of Ormond; and, mingling the love of plunder with their political feuds, "furiously broke open the gates of St. Mary's Abbey (the richest in the country), and after violating its shrines, and robbing its treasury, kidnapped the Abbot, the venerable Stephen Lawless, bearing him up, some by the hands, and some by the legs;" they then proceeded "to the churches of the Holy Trinity, and to St. Patrick's Cathedral, and committed great offences in those churches." An insult to the state, even to the person of the King's representative, might, at that epoch, have been passed over; for the English government in Ireland was then feeble and distracted; but holy Mother Church, insulted in the persons of her ministers, and under the dome of her temples—! A few days after the offence, retribution was exacted with every circumstance of degradation and shame to the factious offenders. The mayor and corporation, and citizens of Dublin, were obliged to do penance in the most abject and humble manner, "by walking barefooted to St. Mary's Abbey, and offering up their contrition (and perhaps their plunder) at St. Mary's shrine;" and then (says the record), "they proceeded barefooted from the Church of the blessed Virgin to the Church of the Holy Trinity (Christ Church), and

from the Church of the Holy Trinity to the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and there did solemn penance for the great offences committed in those churches."

Towards the middle and close of the 15th century, the taming down of the wild beast man under advancing arts of civilization, substituted the wants of moral for those of brute force. The Deans of St. Patrick, no longer called out of their safe and snug precincts with their men at arms, to head a riding or take a rebel, were limited in their high vocation to a spiritual process. The great dawn of reformation over the old systems of human government was beginning to break upon the social horizon; and, by its faint light, abuses in Church and State were detected, which had long escaped the observance of the wisest, and the correction of the most sagacious. An Irish Dean (though a Cambridge Doctor), Dean Norreys, had been preferred to the venerable chair of St. Patrick. A stout polemic—an inveterate hater of the mendicant branches of the monastic orders—he brought to the war, then making on the Franciscans, much of the inveteracy, and not a little of the envy, incidental to the temperament of his race. The Franciscans had been most influential in Ireland; they found their way to the domestic hearths of the great—to the watch-fires of the lowly: they were the favourite directors of the English Lords and Ladies of the Pale, and spiritual guides and comforters of the Irish chief and his Kerne. The State Church took the alarm, the important and consequential seculars beheld, with jealous indignation, the progressing power of these irregular regulars; and Dean Norreys, doubly armed with Irish spleen and Oxford Church-and-State bigotry, sallied forth from the sanctuary of St. Patrick's, and took the field of Polemics (as his brave predecessors had done the field belligerent). He attacked the Franciscans, as more nefarious and injurious to Christian communities than were ever Pelagius, Arius, or any other schismatic. He quoted the sermons of Alexander de Bykenmore, Archbishop of Dublin, preached some years before at Christ Church, against the *sin of sloth*, so prevalent with their order, and showing that the curse of God would light on all such idle persons as do nothing, and live on the labours of others; and he announced, that the mayor of Dublin would not suffer any idle person within his liberties, but only those who *span and knitted* as they went to and fro; which kind of exercise the begging friars were obliged to adopt, for fear of the Archbishop or Mayor's censors."<‡

While the very reverend the Dean of St. Patrick was supported by his reforming Chapter and parish, the Established Church of the seven hills took exception to his innovations. Pope Eugenius, in grand consistory, pronounced the Dean of St. Patrick, for his attack on the orders of the Friars, to be "blasphemous and heretical," and declared "him and his Chapter to be excommunicated beyond benefit of clergy, except in articulo mortis."

But the denunciations of the infallible head of the Roman Church fell harmless on the head of the *protégé* of St. Patrick: they neither impeded his spiritual promotion nor worldly honours. All the rich benefices conferred on Dean Norreys, and registered in the Fasti of St. Patrick, were subsequent to his excommunication. He had with him the sense of his age; the begging orders had outlived their power and popularity; and their anathematized opponent flourished under the papal malediction, and died in his residential house of St. Patrick, in 1465, full of years and honour.

While the Deans of St. Patrick were thus moving steadily on in the march of intellect, more rapid strides were making by younger and more zealous reformers of their chapter. Towards the close of the century, "one Doctor Marcellus, a priest," was ordered to leave the kingdom, as being "a person of bad conversation, and destructive; who, by false counsels, had well nigh destroyed the clergy of Louth and Meath (bishops included), and caused great variance between the Dean of St. Patrick and his Chapter, so that the divine service of God was daily withdrawn from that cathedral; and even on the eve of the feast of the patron saint, no vespers had been sung in his own votive church, which is most piteous tidings."<‡

It was in vain that the arch-church radical, *E. r.*

† Bayle mentions these works with approbation.
‡ Harrison's Ware.

† Collet—Robert Ware.

* Court Rolls.

Marcellus, was banished the kingdom; that the doctrinaire Dean endeavoured to stop the too rapid movement party of his Chapter! The noble and venerable establishment of St. Patrick was already foredoomed to share the universal fate of its contemporaries. The old church was not only in danger—it was on the brink of ruin; yet, ere the spoliating hand of reform had touched the shrine and altars of St. Patrick's Cathedral, there occurred one of those dramatic scenes so worthy of remark; of which its choir and cloisters were the stage, and the actors personages of no mean degree:—a picturesque and historical illustration of the times, and of the state of civilization in Ireland towards the dawn of the 16th century. Deadly feuds had long existed between the noble Anglo-Norman families, the houses of Fitzgerald and Butler. The Earls of Kildare and of Ormond, of the 15th century, had increased this hereditary rancour, by their respective attachments to the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Henry VII. had appointed the Earl of Kildare to the government of Ireland; the Earl of Ormond instantly marched from Kilkenny with an armed force to Dublin, stationed himself at Thomas Court, and demanded an audience of the Lord Deputy, that he might clear himself of some aspersions cast on his loyalty by the Earl of Kildare. The Lord Deputy, to quiet the fears of the harassed citizens of Dublin, whose peace and prosperity were perpetually put into jeopardy by these hot-headed Lords of the Pale, agreed to the Earl of Ormond's request; and the meeting of these two powerful oligarchs and inveterate enemies was appointed to be held in the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral. They came armed to the teeth into the holy sanctuary, each followed by his train of friends, retainers, and guards; while the court and close of the Cathedral were filled by citizens, soldiers, and the rabble of the metropolis.

"When these Earls met (says Staniehurst), they did rip up one to the other their mutual quarrels, rather recounting the damages they sustained, than acknowledging the injuries they had inflicted. The citizens and Ormond's army also fell to some jar; for the oppressions and exactions with which the Earl's souldiers had surcharged them; so a round knot of archers rushed into the church, meaning to have murdered the Earl of Ormond, as being the captain and belweder of all their lawless rabble (his followers); and the Earl, suspecting he had been betrayed, flew to the Chapter House, putting to the door, and sparing it with might and maine. The citizens, in their rage, imagining that every post in the church had been one of the souldiers, shot hob or nob at random, up to the rood-loft and to the chancel, leaving some of their arrows sticking in the images. Kildare, the Lord Deputy, pursued Earl Ormond to the Chapter House door, and undertook, on his honour, that he should receive no *villanie*; whereupon the reclus, craving his lordship's hand to assure his life, there was pierced a cleft in the door of the said Chapter House, and a truce, to the end that both the Earls should shake hands, and be reconciled. But Ormond, surmising that this drift was intended for some further treachery, so that if he would stretch out his hand, it had been, per case, chopt off, he refused that proffer, until Kildare stretched in his hand to him, and so the doore was opened. They both embraced, and all their quarrel for the present discontinued, rather than ended."

The gallant bearing of the honest but petulant Geraldine is not more strongly marked, than the cautious, bold, suspicious temperament of the Butler, who further illustrates this physiological trait of his ancient race, by having forwarded to the Court of Rome an account of the sacrilege of the citizens of Dublin. They had (he stated) "polluted with slaughter the consecrated place, defacing the images, prostrating the relics, razing down altars, with barbarous outrages, more like miscreant Saracens, than Christian Catholics." Thereupon a Legate was posted to Ireland, and solemnly received by Walter Fitzmons, Archbishop of Dublin, a grave prelate, chaplain of Henry the Seventh; "and so the Legate, in detestation of the horrible deed, *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*, ordered the Mayor of Dublin should go barefooted through the Citty, in open procession, before the sacrament on Corpus Christie day, which penitent satisfaction was after in everie procession duly accomplished" (1489).

It appears that the mayoralty of Dublin was then a place of no small responsibility; and if that great city potentate, the Mayor, at the head of his corporation, has since been found opposed to public opinion, and bullying the king's representative, the church in the good old times was not to be joked with; and a restive corporation, and insolent mayor, were invited to walk barefooted with tapers in their hands before the sacrament. Public opinion was then with the church, and the civil officer who outraged it, had no shelter from its indignation or its verdict.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the early part of the sixteenth century, resumed its wonted solemn tranquillity. It returned to many of its ancient rules; and in 1514, on the occasion of the disputes long existing between the Dean and Chapter and the Archbishop of Dublin, three ancient customs were revived, one of which (the most notable) was, the exclusion of *Irishmen* by nature or by blood, and all who should resemble them in modes of life, from being admitted into the Cathedral. But no reference to old rules—no raking up of old institutions—no conservations, on the part of the Dean and Chapter, could save the ancient hold of St. Patrick from the destiny which awaited it, and which still awaits all old gone-by institutions.

The statue, or it was called "the image" of St. Patrick, still stood in the centre of the nave of his Cathedral, hung with votive offerings of ancient and pious predilection; but the tapers, lighted to his honour, began to dim in lustre, and lessen in number, and, with the greater altar-lights of the national church, were soon to be extinguished by the daring hand of religious reformation.

At this most momentous epoch for the world, as for the Cathedral of St. Patrick, there stood at the head of the Establishment a Dean of the old stamp—bold, valiant, ambitious, but of a doubtful doctrine, and not of the most ascetic life. This was the very reverend Sir Edward Bassenet, "an Englishman by the bye, who was ready for either field,—armed for the war of polemics or of politics,—one who, in Cromwell's day, would have quartered the musket and Bible; or, in the present day in Ireland, would bid his flock "put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry." The Dean of St. Patrick had been specially recommended to the notice of Henry VIII., by the Lord Deputy Grey, for the military service he had done the state, on the occasion of one of the great O'Neill formidable risings or rebellions. For when that powerful Tanist put himself at the head of eleven Irish lords and their men at arms, and marched upon the Pale, and encamped at Tara Hill, "on the opposite side of the Liffy," the Dean of St. Patrick was the first to buckle on his armour, and join the Lord Deputy's forces under the command of the Baron of Slane; and he so signalled himself on the field of battle, that the Lord Grey made him member of the Privy Council; and so reported him to the King, that his Majesty was pleased to grant the Dean letters patent, conferring on him and his heirs for ever the castle of Kiltiernan, to be held *in capite* by military service at the twentieth part of a knight's fee; to which was added the King's pardon for all offences whatever, "and specially for the death of William Fowler, who was murdered within the precincts of the Cathedral." The Dean thenceforth resided partly at his castle of Kiltiernan, and partly at his Dean's-rath, "with a rank" (says his biographer), "*quasi Episcopalis*." Distinctions so extraordinary, so mundane, thus showered on the Dean of St. Patrick, boded some great change in the tranquil closes of the Cathedral,—some coming event that thus cast its shadow before it:—when, lo! on a given day, the Lord Deputy and his English court, accompanied by the great Earls of Ormond and Desmond, with other peers of the realm, who had accepted English titles, or inherited them, appeared in all the cumbrous, gorgeous grandeur of the age, moving processionally up the aisles of St. Patrick's Cathedral, accompanied by the heads of the clergy and the laity, and followed to the portals by an immense multitude of the people. The Dean—the favoured Dean—Sir Edward Bassenet, received this sumptuous

* "It was not because he was dubbed a knight that he was so called, but in the same sense as those were called 'Sirs,' who have taken the first degrees in the University. In Chaucer and Shakespeare, clergymen are so called."—*Mason's History of St. Patrick's Cathedral*.

congregation with due reverence and unresisting complacency. The King's proclamation was then read by a herald-at-arms, under the very nose of the image of St. Patrick; a flourish of trumpets issued, in

Défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle dans ces lieux.

The dissolution of the Holy College of St. Patrick was pronounced. The King's letters patent were produced, and the Lord Deputy and the Chancellor in the Chapter House of St. Patrick, received from the Dean "the entire surrender of the cathedral, its revenues, estates, and possessions. The Chapter and vicars choral walked out, the royal commissioners walked in. The image of St. Patrick disappeared, the little choristers fled in dismay,

—The saints all trembled
And the shrines grew pale!"

All was changed; no sweet chaunt echoed along the cloisters, no poetic ceremonies brightened the choir; nothing was seen but "our said comysioners," rummaging the treasuries, and "noting down in their inventory, the plates, ornaments, and other jewels," like modern auctioneers. But the Dean, the very rev. Sir Edward Bassenet, where was he? He was in his castle at Kiltiernan, where he had retired with the fair Lady Catherine Bassenet, the Irish Anna Boleyn, surrounded by the legitimate pledges of their long-concealed loves, enjoying the large revenues granted by the new head of the established church to the first Protestant Dean of St. Patrick. Another Dean,—the successor of Sir Edward, at an interval of nearly 200 years,—never heard the name of Bassenet without a burst of indignation! The high church principle, and manly mind of Swift, alike condemned the worldly corruption of this purchased convert; and, speaking of one of the descendants of the first married and Protestant Dean of St. Patrick, he observed, with his wonted petulant naïveté, "this Bassenet was related to the scoundrel of that name, who surrendered the Deanery to that beast, Henry VIII."

[To be continued.]

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A petition, we observe, has been lately presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Tilt, the bookseller, praying for the support and sanction of the government to assist him in publishing, on the plan of the *Trésor de Numismatique*, now so well known throughout Europe, engravings on steel, in the beautiful relief-style of M. Collas, of the series of British medals in the British Museum, from the earliest period to the present time, as well as of the medals in private collections; altogether, about 3000 in number, or so many as may be found necessary to form a complete Medallist History of Great Britain and its dependencies. This petition, we understand, has been referred to the Committee of Inquiry, now deliberating on the affairs of the Museum. Not having seen the petition, we know not the exact nature of its prayer. We are opposed to all votes of public money in aid of private speculations, but, so far as countenance, aid, and facility can be given to the projectors of this national work, we trust it will be ensured to him by the government, and this ought, and would be amply sufficient. The *Trésor de Numismatique et Glyptique* was spoken of as it deserved long since in the *Athenæum*;† and we see no reason why the Medallist History of England should not be equally successful. The process of M. Collas gives a more faithful representation of a coin or medal, than the most finished engraving can do, and at less than one-fifth of the price. Casts of the medals are first made; and a machine is employed, whose operations may be directed by any workman, which traces and cuts at the same time, and produces a beautiful fac-simile of the original: we have no doubt, should Mr. Tilt succeed in his application, that the private collections in Great Britain will be liberally opened, as the medals cannot, in any way, be injured by the operation of taking casts from them.

It will be gratifying to our readers to learn that the Charlemagne Bible, (see *Athenæum*, No. 442) the earliest complete transcript of the most ancient entire Latin version of the Bible, (the Vulgate,) is soon likely to take its place by the side of the Alexan-

† See *Athenæum*, No. 386, p. 261.

drian MS., or Greek version, in the British Museum; a worthy depository for the Bible of Alcuin and of Charlemagne. For the possession of this unique treasure, the public are indebted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel, and other enlightened members of the House of Commons, who felt that the opportunity of possessing in our national collection a work so especially national, ought not to be lost.

From letters received by the last packet from Egypt, we learn that at the suggestion of Mr. Walne, some of the principal English residents in that country have formed an association under the name of the Egyptian Society, for the express purpose of facilitating the researches of those whose curiosity may lead to the valley of the Nile. A library of reference, which will contain the most important works on the East, is now being formed at Cairo, where the Society holds its meetings, and the members are collecting much interesting information respecting Egypt and the adjacent countries, of which travellers will be able to avail themselves. We hope shortly to receive a prospectus of their Institution.

A correspondent has obligingly forwarded to us the 'Report of the Committee of the Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland,' and we observe, with great satisfaction, the rapidly increasing success of the Institution. No less, it appears, than 1270*l.* was raised last year, of which more than 500*l.* was contributed by persons residing out of Edinburgh. This will prove the advantages, the mutual advantages, certain to arise from local Associations, in connexion with the parent Society; and for such purpose, it is only necessary to have one active, intelligent, and responsible man in each city to receive subscriptions, and transmit them, and the names of the subscribers, either to the Hon. Sec. E. Magrath, Esq., 13, Pall Mall East, or to Messrs. Ransom, the bankers. Already the Committee has begun to make purchases, and in a few months we shall have to announce the destination of the selected works—let us hope, then, that they will be dispersed all over England. What an exultation and triumph, what an awakening of a love for art, when one of these chosen works shall be first exhibited in a provincial town!

Poets, painters, and travellers, of every condition and quality, have united in praising the splendid scene which Mr. Burford has just now brought home to our good citizens; but as to Isola Bella itself, and its hanging gardens, fairy fountains, enchanted palaces, its laurels and cypress and orange and lemon groves—it is but a huge toy. Isola Madre, indeed, is a trifle better, and, had they been left in the wild luxuriance of nature, might have been a Paradise for a few poor fishermen to live in, and for poets to visit, and dream of ever after—they would then have suited Jean Jacques admirably. He might have kept his tame rabbits and tame pigeons in the one, and his own wild self have inhabited the other; but art, and wealth, and conceit, and contrivance, have, in our poor judgment, spoiled them—it obtrudes everywhere. After having said thus much in disrespect of nature *operatized*, we are equally bound to say, that as a Panorama 'Isola Bella' is glowing, varied, and attractive.

The first performance of Mercadante's 'I Brighanti' is announced for Thursday next, for Tamburini's benefit.

We are requested by the writer of the description of the Design for the new Houses of Parliament to state, with reference to the imputation contained in that article upon the candour of one of the commissioners as a Quarterly Reviewer, that he has the assurance of the gentleman alluded to, that no intimation of his error had ever reached him, and consequently the imputation cannot attach. The communication relied upon was made through the proper channel, and was specially acknowledged, so that no doubt existed in the mind of the writer that it had reached the author of the review which contained the misquotation, and whose candour was impugned.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS of the ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH SCHOOLS, including two of the celebrated Murillo's, from Marshal Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has more liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning till 6 in the Evening.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue 1*s.*—WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

LAWRENCE GALLERY.

RAFFAELLE URBINO.—NINTH EXHIBITION.—The Public are respectfully informed that the present extraordinary display of the Works of this Prince of Painters will continue on View during the present Month. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* THE TENTH EXHIBITION, consisting of 100 Drawings by MICHAEL ANGIOLO, will open early in JULY. This will terminate the Exhibitions of the Lawrence Gallery. S. & A. WOODBURN, 112, St. Martin's-lane.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

JUST OPEN, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton, the SUBJECTS, the VILLAGE of ALAGNA, in Piedmont, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CRUCE, at Florence. The Village is first seen by moonlight, surrounded by its peaked mountains, with a lake in the foreground, formed by the melting of the snow; the lights from the distant houses are reflected upon its surface; the avalanches sweeping from their lofty summits, overwhelm the village. The coming day reveals the scene of desolation; and the simple spire alone remains as evidence of what hath been. The merits of the second Picture, the interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, are so well known as to render detail unnecessary;—it exhibits all the effects of light and shade, from noon-day till midnight.—Open from 10 till 5.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 13.—Sir John Barrow, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—

1. Extracts from a letter, dated Fernando Po, March 1, from Mr. Becroft, commanding the steamer *Quorra*, detailing a voyage up the river Quorra as far as the junction of the river Tschadda, about 300 miles, with the hope of establishing a trade for ivory and palm oil, &c. with the natives, in which there seems a reasonable prospect of success. It is satisfactory to state, that during the three months the steamer was up the river, no cases of fever occurred, and only one person died.

2. Extracts from a letter from Mr. Schomburgk, at Demerara, dated April 15, stating his return to that place, after having succeeded in reaching the great cataract on the river Essequibo, in lat. 3° 14' N., long. 57° 43' W. of Greenwich, when the wet season setting in obliged him to return to George Town. He says, speaking of the great cataract, "though by no means high in its fall, yet the river, the force of which has been increased by previous rapids, being contracted at this spot to less than 100 feet, precipitates itself with fearful velocity over rocks, forming at the foot of the fall a terrific and foaming surge, in which no boat could live. The surrounding scenery is as picturesque as projecting masses of rock, overhanging woods, tropical creepers, and the rush of waters, combined, can make it."

Mr. S. had also shipped for the Zoological Gardens, three golden parakeets, a Vicissi duck, and some other specimens, which may be shortly expected to arrive.

3. Extracts from an account of a journey performed by General Miller, of the Peruvian service, among the Chunchos Indians, in that *terra incognita*, between the frontiers of Peru and Brazil, extending to the north-east of the city of Cuzco: as also another journey to the valley of Santana, both undertaken with the hope of planting a military colony, of about 100 men, with their wives and families, on the banks of some navigable river on the eastern side of the Andes, with a view, first, to facilitate the discovery of the vast unexplored Pampas, or plains lying between what may be termed the civilized confines of Peru and Brazil, forming an immense intervening breadth; and, secondly, with the hope of opening a direct communication with Europe by means of the river Marañon (or the Amazons).

In the journey to Incharate, in the valley of Santana, General Miller says, "I passed three days among the Indians called Antes. They have good features, excellent teeth, pleasing countenances; and their appearance is altogether more engaging than that of our civilized Indians of Peru. I saw some very handsome, and no very ugly persons among them."

"The Antes occupy forty leagues in extent on the banks of the river Urubamba; then follow five other tribes of Indians (or rather of natives) along the banks of the river Ucayali, to its junction with the Marañon." General Miller describes the Indians as all much addicted to the use of that detestable drug, the *coca*, which, like opium, soon produces intoxication or stupidity, and is one of the greatest barriers to civilization. They also are very fond of tea: it is extraordinary how the consumption of this article has increased. General Miller states, that fifteen years ago he remembers it

only taken at Lima as a remedy; now, even in the mountainous Sierras of Peru it is used at least once a day."

In General Miller's second journey to the eastward of Cuzco, he reached the station called Las Tres Cruces, on the summit of the last or easternmost ridge of the Cordillera, where "the forest-clothed Pampas, stretching interminably to the eye towards Brazil, burst suddenly on the view. From this spot I could discern the base as well as the pinnacles of the mighty Andes, which here rise with remarkable abruptness from the boundless plains below."

"I slept here, but ere dawn on the following morning I was on foot to see the sun cast his first rays on the glorious panorama; and as he gradually rose, the beauties of nature were more and more distinctly unveiled. Heaven and earth seemed to smile, as I gazed from such a spot upon the bright orb of day; nor could I help thinking the adoration of such an object, and the idolatry of the Incas, was more natural and more rational than the deeply corrupted superstitions which have unhappily grown out of the Christian worship, introduced by the conquerors of the once happy Peruvians."

The result of General Miller's journey was, that neither the Chunchos, nor any other Indians, could be treated with, and he was obliged, reluctantly, to abandon his scheme—we hope, at some future time to be again resumed. The geographical results were important, inasmuch as he was enabled by his inquiries and observations to leave little doubt as to the course of the river Paucartambo, which seems to flow round the foot of the Sierra, wind to the south, and then stretch away to the north-east, through the Pampas, to join the river Purus—a vast tributary to the mighty stream of the Amazons; a result which had been some time since anticipated by Mr. John Arrowsmith and others best informed on that part of South America.

The President having invited remarks on the paper, Colonel Galindo, commissioner from Guatemala, expressed a hope, that ere very long the original intention of the Crowns of Spain and Portugal, to send the treasures of the mines of Peru by water carriage to the Atlantic, might be realized by the existing constitutional governments of South America, of which there was now some prospect, as since the last defeat, just noticed in the public journals, of the usurper Salaberry, peace was re-established throughout South America.

The President expressed his hearty concurrence in such a wish, and further he stated, that to his knowledge a Company was formed, or forming, in the enterprising city of Liverpool—foremost in enterprise as in commerce—to send steam-boats up the Amazons, and to endeavour to spread the blessings of commerce and civilization throughout the immense extent of country watered by the Marañon.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

On Friday the 10th instant, Mr. Baily gave an account of certain singular phenomena observed by him, during the late solar eclipse. He had proceeded to Scotland for the express purpose of placing himself on the central line of the eclipse, in which position alone he was likely to see the expected phenomena to advantage. The whole day was remarkably fine and clear; not a cloud to be seen in any part of the heavens. The formation and dissolution of the *annulus* was one of the most singular and beautiful astronomical appearances that can well be imagined. It has generally been conceived, notwithstanding some obscure remarks to the contrary, that the annulus is formed in an instant, and that the precise moment of time, at which it happens, can be determined with the greatest nicety and accuracy, by the rapidity with which the light of the sun encircles the last portion of the moon about to enter on its disc. From the evidence of Mr. Baily, however, this does not appear to be the case; and much uncertainty exists as to what may be called the complete formation of the annulus. This arises from a remarkable optical deception which occurs in these cases, and which is this; that the last portion of the moon that is about to enter on the sun's disc, assumes a protuberant appearance and seems to cling to the edge of the sun. A string of small luminous beads is then formed between the edges of the sun and moon which are in contact, extending about 40 degrees round their cir-

cumference. In a few seconds these beads increase in size, as do also the dark portions between them. Shortly after, these dark portions are drawn out into long strings, which seem to connect the outer edges of the sun and moon, and they have then the following appearance.



All this is the operation of a few seconds only: for all at once these strings appear to break asunder, and vanish altogether: the circumference of the moon being thus, in an instant, restored to its perfect circular shape. Thus much for the entrance of the moon on the sun's disc: its exit was precisely the same, but in an inverse order. On the approach of the moon's edge to the edge of the sun, a number of long black strings appeared suddenly to start forward and attach themselves to the edge of the sun. As the edge of the moon advanced towards the edge of the sun, the intervals between these strings assumed the appearance of bright beads, which got less and less, till at length they totally vanished by the two edges coming into apparent contact. Of the cause of this singular phenomenon no explanation is given, although it is known to have taken place in former annular eclipses, and that a similar phenomenon also occurred with respect to Venus, at the transits in 1761 and 1769. It is evident that these appearances will vary with different observers, according to their position with respect to the central line of the moon's shadow over the earth; but in no position could it be seen to such advantage as on the line selected by Mr. Bailey, which was precisely in the middle of the moon's shadow. At places considerably to the north and south of this line, but still just within what is called the central path, that portion of the moon's disc in near contact with the sun's edge would put on a serrated appearance, which might be, and has been, mistaken for lunar mountains. From the whole of the circumstances Mr. Bailey infers that an annular eclipse does not afford the best method of determining either the diameters of the sun and moon, or of their positions with respect to each other; and consequently that, as an astronomical phenomenon merely, its value and importance have been overrated: although, on other accounts, he considers it highly curious and interesting, and at all times deserving of attention. Sir Thomas Brisbane, and Mr. Henderson (the Astronomer Royal of Edinburgh), who were present, and viewed this phenomenon in Scotland, confirmed Mr. Bailey's account.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The session closed on Wednesday, the 11th.

The most important subjects which the Society have marked with their approbation, during the last session, were—

To Mr. H. Wilkinson, for a Maroon Lock to prevent depredations in Gardens, &c., *the large silver medal*.

Mr. Joseph Grettton, Timberfield, for his Levelling Instrument for Coal Miners, *the large silver medal*.

Mr. Cornelius Ward, for his improvement in Kettle Drums, *the gold Isis medal*.

Mr. H. Soper, for his Life Buoy, *the silver Isis medal and 5l.*

Mr. H. G. Pearce, for his Lantern for Steam-vessels, *the large silver medal*.

To the same, for his Disengaging Claw for a Chain Cable, *the large silver medal*.

Mr. J. Kingston, for his Nippers for holding Metal Bars, *the large silver medal*.

Mr. James King, New South Wales, for his discovery in the Colony of Sydney of a White Sand for the use of Glass-makers, *the large silver medal*.

Mr. Joseph Glynn, for his communication on the application of Steam-power to Draining Fens, *the gold Isis medal*.

Mr. J. Newman, for his improved Safe Lamp for Miners, *the large silver medal*.

Mr. James Marsh, for his method and apparatus for Detecting Minute Quantities of Arsenic, *the large gold medal*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—June 6.—The Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., Honorary President, in the chair. The eggs of a new species of silkworm, lately imported from China, were distributed amongst the members. Amongst the insects exhibited, were a series of speci-

mens of the remarkable *Hylecatrus dermestoides*, captured during the last month in Sherwood Forest, by Mr. Desvignes, and specimens of the larvæ and pupæ of the strepsipterous insect, *Xenos Rossi*, (parasitic upon wasps) from the Senator Van Heyden, of Frankfort. The memoirs read, were—1. Additional observations relative to the natural history of the *Scolytus destructor*, and its ravages in the park at Brussels, with the description of a very minute parasite by which it is attacked, together with other interesting notices, by W. Spence, Esq. F.R.S. 2. On the physiological peculiarities exhibited by several hermaphroditic monstrosities occurring in the *Tenus Lucanus*; and, 3. Account of a minute parasite, apparently allied to the *Pediculus Melittæ*, found in the bodies of the larvæ of *Stylops Melittæ*, which is itself parasitic upon some of the wild bees, (*Andrenide*) and upon the animal hatched from the eggs of the *Meloe proscarabæus*, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.—May 20.—The President in the chair. Dr. Buckland communicated to the Society a notice on some very curious recent discoveries of fossil footprints of unknown quadrupeds, in the new red sandstone of Saxony, and of fossil birds in sandstone of the same formation, in the valley of Connecticut. In the year 1834, similar tracks of at least four species of quadrupeds were discovered in the sandstone quarries of Hesseberg, near Hildburghausen. Some of these appear to be referable to tortoises, and to a small web-footed reptile. No bones of any of the animals that made these footprints have yet been found. Another discovery of fossil footprints has still more recently been made by Professor Hitchcock, in the new red sandstone of the valley of Connecticut. The most remarkable among these footprints are those of a gigantic bird, twice the size of an ostrich, whose foot measured fifteen inches in length, exclusive of a large claw measuring two inches. The most frequent distance of these larger footprints from one another is four feet; sometimes they are six feet asunder.

Professor Powell afterwards gave a short account of the progress of his researches in Light.—*Abridged from the Oxford Herald.*

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.
	{ Institute of British Architects.....	Eight.
MON.	{ Statistical Society.....	Eight.
	{ Horticultural Society.....	Three.
TUES.	{ Linnean Society.....	Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight.
TH.	Royal Society of Literature.....	Four.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

GREAT CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

Messrs. BENNETTON & BENNETT have the honour to announce, that their MORNING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, the 23rd Inst. Vocalists: Mad. Malibran de Beriot, Mad. Grisi, Mad. Degli Antoni, Mdlle. De Angeli, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Masson, and Mrs. Kyrrett; Signor Rubini, Signor Ivanoff, and Signor Tamburini; Signori Curioni, F. Lablache, Benettoni, Gubel, and Lablache; Messrs. Vaughan, J. Bennett, Perry, Jun., Terrail, and Kellier.—Pianist: M. THALBERG.—Quartetto (Soprano): Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas.—Mad. Grisi will sing, 'Let the bright Seraphim,' accompanied on the trumpet by Mr. Harper; also Duetto Ballo with Sig. Lablache; Sig. Tamburini, new Aria from 'I Briganti'; Sig. Rubini and Lablache, Duetto (first time) Gabussi; Sig. Rubini, Aria (first time here) from 'Il Bravo'; other Novelties will also be introduced. Conductors, Signor Costa and Sig. Gabussi. Boxes to be had only of Sig. Benettoni, 61, Regent Quadrant; and of Mr. J. Bennett, 32, Golden-square. Tickets (10s. 6d. each) at the principal Music shops. The Concert will commence at a Quarter past One precisely. An early application for Boxes is particularly requested.

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, there will be no performance.
On Monday, THE MAID OF ARTOIS; and ROY ROY.
Tuesday, THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; and GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.
Wednesday, THE MAID OF ARTOIS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE FARMER'S BOY; after which, THE MAN ABOUT TOWN; and THE SKELETON LOVER.
On Monday (first time), a New Farce, called MRS. WHITE.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.—These Concerts closed for the season, on Monday evening last, with Miss Birch, Madlle. Assandri, Signori Rubini and Tamburini, and Mr. Hobbs, as singers: a Corelli trio, in which Lindley and Dragonetti were supported by Mr. Hatton; and the concertante quartett, 'Les Adieux de Raoul de Courcy,' by Miss Birch, Messrs. Mori, J. B. Chatterton, and Forbes; the Mass in c major, by Weber, (which Weber was not specified), was to our thinking, but a poor composition, and if by the author of 'Eury-anthe' and 'Oberon,' hardly worthy of his reputation. The overtures performed were the 'Jubilee,'—one by Beethoven in c major,—and the overture to 'La

Gazza Ladra,' unwisely borrowed from the orchestra below stairs to do duty in a concert-room. The vocal part of the scheme was sufficiently varied; its greatest novelty, however, was the 'Magnificat,' composed by the Chevalier Neukomm, for Miss Birch and Mori. On the whole, these Concerts have well sustained their reputation: with the materials at the command of their directors, and the good sense and research they always show in the selection of music to be performed, they might be raised very high, were it but made a point of first consequence (as it assuredly should be) to perfect the band as much as possible. There is, also, a general appearance of delay and uncertainty in the arrangements of the evening, which is anything but pleasant to an audience.

MISCELLANEA

Valuable Libraries of Ancient MSS.—The Chapter of the Cathedral at Vercelli, in Piedmont, possesses an extremely rich and most precious collection of ancient manuscripts, on vellum; and there is a similar library at Novara. They are known to the curious by the notice given of them by the Padre Andres, but access to these treasures is extremely difficult.

Sussex Scientific and Literary Institution.—[From a correspondent.]—This Institution owes its existence to the exertions of Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Horace Smith, Dr. Hall, Sir Richard Hunter, and a few other gentlemen, who originated a plan for the admission of the public to Dr. Mantell's Museum of Geology and Comparative Anatomy. This plan was submitted to that munificent patron of science and art, the venerable Earl of Egremont, who immediately presented 1000*l.* in aid of its funds, which already amount to 1300*l.* funded capital, and nearly 500*l.* in annual subscriptions. Reading-rooms are opened for the members; the formation of a library is commenced; and the unique collection of organic remains, belonging to Dr. Mantell, are exhibited in three rooms, and arranged with great taste. Dr. Mantell has given three lectures in the Town Hall on behalf of the Institution; and a short time since, a geological excursion to Lewes took place, under his guidance, and he conducted the members to the quarries, which had afforded many of the interesting organic remains in the Museum.

A Royal Sculptor.—The Princess Mary, one of the daughters of the King of the French, has, it is said, executed some beautiful specimens of sculpture; and a statue she has just completed is spoken of as a chef-d'œuvre.—*Le Voleur.*

Valuable Diamond.—The diamond, the Saucy, the last pledge of friendship given by King Charles IV. to his favourite, is, it is said, likely to be purchased by the French government, who are desirous of having the most valuable collection of diamonds which can be obtained. The government, hitherto, has not offered a very large sum, but it is said that the diamond in question is valued by weight at 500,000 fr., and the jeweller's price would be 800,000fr.

Museums and Libraries in Mexico.—The Museum in the capital, which was fully organized in 1831, is divided into the three departments of Mexican Antiquities, Products of Industry, and the Natural History of the Republic. There is also a section appropriated to the antiquities, industrial products, and natural history of other countries. Annexed to the Museum are a botanical garden, and a deposit of exotic plants at a short distance from the capital. The Public Library contains about 11,000 volumes; but there are four convents, all of which have libraries; the total amount of volumes being more than 32,000. It is intended to establish a library and museum at Potosi. In many of the provinces libraries exist, varying from 1000 to 3000 volumes.

† In the British Museum there is no department expressly appropriated to British Antiquities, abundance of which might have been easily collected, and purchased, from time to time, at a very moderate price! We must, it appears, travel to Mexico to learn the importance of placing a collection of national antiquities in a national museum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

B.—J. S. G.—R. C. L. M.—J. H. H.—A Subscriber—J. J. K. received.

A note is left for Amicus.—We will attend to the inquiry of 'An Admirer of the Fine Arts,' next week if possible.

We are still continuing our reprints, to enable the new subscribers to complete their sets.

ADVERTISEMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Rev. R. J. BRUCE, LL.D., Principal of the Belfast Academy, will deliver a Course of TWELVE LECTURES on the SCIENCE OF EDUCATION, under the sanction of the Council of the University. The First Lecture will be given on FRIDAY, the 1st of July, at 3 o'clock, p.m., and the Course will be continued on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at the same hour.

The object of these Lectures, as detailed by Dr. Bruce in his Prospectus, is to reduce the Art of Teaching and governing Children to fixed general principles; i. e. to construct a Science of Education founded in the Philosophy of the Human Mind, as the Science of Medicine is founded on Physiology.

Ladies will be admitted to these Lectures. Ticket for one person, Half a Guinea; Family Ticket, admitting three persons, One Guinea.

Tickets and a Prospectus may be obtained at the Office of the University; and from the following Booksellers:—Calkin & Budd, 118, Pall Mall; Ebers & Co., 27, Old Broad-street; J. Nisbett, 21, Berners-street; Roake & Varty, 31, Strand; Jennings & Co., 62, Chancery-lane; Cowie & Co., 31, Foultry; Westley & Davis, Stationers-court, Ludgate-hill.

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16th June, 1836.
Sales by Auction.

SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.
VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS.
By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on WEDNESDAY, June 22, and 5 following Days (Sunday excepted); including

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LIBRARY OF
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May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

On TUESDAY, June 23,
A COLLECTION OF 262 ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
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ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND FRENCH;
Illustrated with Portraits and Biographical Memoirs.

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On FRIDAY, July 8,
THE STOCK, COPPERS, AND COPYRIGHT,
(On Terms of Credit).

Of the valuable and highly illustrated Works, known as Skelton's Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata, 2 vols. 4to. 170 Engravings—Skelton's Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxfordshire, 140 Plates—Skelton's Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour, 2 vols. folio—Skelton's Pietas Oxoniensis, 25 Plates, folio.
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N.B. Persons possessing Copperplates of which they may wish to dispose, are respectfully informed that they may be inserted in the Catalogue of the above Sale, if they will please to favour Messrs. Southgate & Son with the particulars.

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Vitruvius Britannicus; an Architectural Account of Woburn Abbey, Hatfield House, &c.—Illustrations of Mickleham Church, Surrey, &c.—Designs for Ornamental Villas, &c.—Designs for Farm Buildings, &c.—Village Architecture, &c.—Designs for Park Entrances, Gate Lodges, &c. &c.
* Money advanced on Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock, on Libraries, Portions of Libraries, &c. All Accounts promptly settled.

By Messrs. GRIMSTON & HAYERS, at their Great Room, No. 306, High Holborn, THIS DAY (Saturday, June 18), and 3 following days (Sunday excepted); including

ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA, 18 vols.—Clark's Travels, 3 vols.—Lodge's Portraits, 12 vols.—Musée Napoléon, 10 vols.—Horticultural Society's Transactions, 6 vols.—Chalmers' Poets, 21 vols.—Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition—Gill on the New Testament, 5 vols.—Works on Architecture, by Scam, Richardson, Lewis, King, Paine, Ware, &c.—Valuable Divinity and Works relating to the Quakers—Bibles, Prayers, &c. in morocco bindings—Annals for 1836—Paintings in Oil.

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ITALIAN, FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS;
Including a noble ALTAR PIECE, appropriate for a Church or Chapel.

Mr. JURY respectfully informs the Public, that on THURSDAY, June 19, he will SELL, by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Bartholomew-lane, at 12 for 1 o'clock precisely, by direction of the Assignees of a Bankrupt's Estate, and the Executors of a Gentleman deceased.

A COLLECTION of very pleasing PICTURES, comprising many Specimens by the Old Masters, of considerable merit; among which will be found,

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VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS and ENGRAVINGS, in fine Preservation, collected by the late Owner, at a very great expense, including,

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This day is published, with Maps and other Illustrations, &c.

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THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

Mr. COLBURN has the honour to inform his friends, and the public in general, that since his announcement of having opened a new Publishing Establishment at Windsor, he has made an arrangement with his late Partner, in consequence of which he resumes the publication of New Works in London, as formerly. The Windsor Establishment will, therefore, be discontinued from the present time, and the whole of Mr. Colburn's business will be carried on in future at 13, Great Marlborough-street.

13, Great Marlborough-street, June 18.

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